



PUNCH

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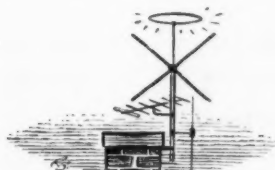
U.S.A.F. colleagues of the Texas airman who spent a week in a steel box on a simulated flight to the moon were at first deeply concerned to learn that "he found himself unable to whistle." Later it struck them that, anyway, a whistle couldn't possibly get any response where he was going.

CHARIVARIA

"The very high figure for investment in vehicles, ships and aircraft was the result of higher investment in ships and aircraft as well as in road vehicles."—From the Central Statistical Office's *Economic Trends*
Can't fool a statistician.

WHEN a Durham man drove through a red traffic light and was detected by a policeman watching a closed-circuit television set round the corner he became the first law-breaker brought to justice by this means. He was fined £2, but has the consolation of reflecting on how long Crippen's name has lived.

THE PROCLAMATION, from Vatican City, of a "patron saint for television throughout the world," will not of



course infringe the B.B.C.'s reputation as the sainted aunt of entertainment.

FIRE BRIGADES at work on Blackpool's blazing South Pier were somewhat hampered by visitors who couldn't be persuaded that the show wasn't a part of the well-known illuminations.

THE *Daily Telegraph* account of the new diesel's inaugural trip, bearing the Minister of Transport and Sir Brian Robertson as precious cargo, startled cursory readers with its cross-heading, "Few Days' Delay." However, this only referred to a slight hold-up before the engine entered regular service—the actual inaugural train romped into Paddington a mere nineteen minutes late.

NO ONE was surprised to learn that our missile programme has got on so



well that we are already starting on anti-missile-missiles. We must expect periodic reports of this kind just as long as the supply of hyphens holds out.

COMMENT has so far been sparse on Mr. Eisenhower's latest open letter to Marshal Bulganin, recommending an end to open letters: experts are waiting until they've read some of the Marshal's open letters in reply.

Lament

TOLL for the brave—
The brave that fought ashore,
For Sheerness and Chatham,
Portland and the Nore.

None fell in battle,
None were lost at sea;
All were early victims
Of nuclear strategy.



Punch Diary

DR. BRONOWSKI has said that the future is in the hands of the scientists. The relief brought by this statement to those who had feared that it was in the hands of the statesmen has overshadowed its characteristic modesty. Why no mention of the present?

Already the scientists have overthrown the pernicious Copernican cosmology and restored man to his rightful place; not, Aristotle-wise, to the centre of the universe but at least to the centre of the solar system. When the now discredited "arts men" were in charge we believed that the power that kept us going was in the sun. Now we know better. We have reproduced the life-giving process for ourselves, we know what it really is since, in the worst-handled press-release of all time, the news was given to the world. The fiery spark of life itself is flashing in our midst.

But the handouts, not being written by fanciful arts men, did not say that we have made a sun-power machine. They said that we have achieved controlled thermonuclear reaction, and the newspapers, knowing the jargon, translated this as the power of the H-bomb. Sun-power is really H-power. The central force that drives the sap and cracks the chlorophyll, that pulses in the metabolisms of the world, blasts in the thunder and distils the nectar in the rose, is the power of the hydrogen bomb.

Show Biz Note

I WAS delighted to see that Frankie Vaughan had been selected as Show Business Personality of the Year by the Variety Club of Great Britain.

Let me say at once that I do not particularly enjoy Mr. Vaughan's singing, nor his acting, nor the kind of art with which he is associated; I don't even know enough about show business to be able to say, with my hand on my heart, whether he is good at what he does or not. But everyone seems to be in league to give the "pop singers" a bad press, and it has always seemed to me a little unfair. Of course they have not the wit of George Robey, nor the voice of Harry Champion, nor the personality of Nellie Wallace; but the audiences of to-day don't happen to want George Robey or Harry Champion, they want Tommy Steele and Marty Wilde and Frankie Vaughan; and if the boys can give them what they want, why on earth shouldn't they?

Meanwhile, to ambitious teenagers who are sure they could top the bill at the Palladium if they could only play the guitar, I commend a City department store which is advertising Skiffle Guitars with a "magic-fingered" device enabling them to play WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. And if they succeed in becoming Show Business Personality of the Year for 1960 I shall be the first to cheer.

Spectator Participation

MANY punters will have sympathized with the man who leaped on to the greyhound track at Hendon and grabbed the favourite by the leg on the final turn. Favourites have a maddening habit of taking the lead on the last bend, and to the man who has put his shirt on a long-priced runner there must be a strong temptation to rush out and carry off the opposition in the nick of time. In this

instance the dog got away, the punter prudently dived into the River Brent, the race was declared void, and that was that. If the practice spreads, however, I can imagine scenes of utter confusion at Twickenham after masked mystery men have snatched up the Welsh fly-half from the edge of a loose scrum and bundled him into a waiting helicopter; or at Aintree after the leading Irish challenger has been lassoed by sinister gipsies at the Canal Turn; or at Lord's after the Australian mid-on has been attacked by a flock of well-trained pigeons when about to take the easiest catch of the day. As for Wimbledon, I have already devised a plan for seizing a competitor by the leg at a crucial moment in the final of the men's doubles; but I'm not too sure yet about the quickest route from the Centre Court to the River Brent.

Le Mot Juste

ENGLISH-speaking speakers who speak English, if I make myself clear, will sympathize deeply with the *Office du Vocabulaire Français*, which has just published the result of its inquiry into the incursion of foreign words into the French language, e.g. *businessman, up-to-date, parking*. Oh, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer. Over here, the *reportage* and *expertise* brigade continue to make headway. One effective way to deal with them is to give them the Monsewer Eddie Gray treatment, telling them that it's a hard *vie*, trying to make a living with the *plume*, that they must expect their *imitation* to be *coupé*, that the *réducteur* is always *droit*, and then bring in that good old copybook maxim, when in doubt, leave *dehors*.

EAST IS WEST

THE first of a new series of articles, under the general title "East is West and West is East," will appear in the issue of March 12. These will discuss the major problem of our time, the cold war and the menace of nuclear weapons. The contributors to the first part of the discussion will be:

DR. J. BRONOWSKI
ALAN BULLOCK
LORD CHANDOS
ALISTAIR COOKE
H. F. ELLIS

FR. TREVOR HUDDLESTON
ERIC LINKLATER
J. B. PRIESTLEY
REBECCA WEST
D. ZASLAVSKI (of *Krokodil*)



WINGWORTH

Cricket, Lovely Cricket

By H. F. ELLIS

THERE was a time, though the young will hardly credit it, when newspapers reported the dismissal of batsmen in the following class-conscious way:

Mr. P. F. Warner c Hirst b Rhodes 86

or it might be:

Mr. P. F. Warner c Gunn (W) b Gunn (J) 0

Any cricket statistician who cares to prove that in fact Mr. P. F. Warner was never out in either of these ways, or that if he was his scores were not as stated, is at liberty (short of bothering Mr. Warner about it) to research to his

heart's content. Meanwhile I may be allowed to state that the years rolled by and a blow was struck for equality in this manner:

J. L. Bryan lbw b Sibbles 28

(That was in the first innings of Kent v. Lancashire at Old Trafford, August 1928, so let no time be wasted there.)

Exactly when this fundamental change took place I do not know. The monumental *Playfair Book of Cricket Records*, which does not hesitate to record the fact that a swallow was killed by a ball bowled by the Earl of Winterton in 1847, makes no mention at all of the last "Mr." to be dismissed in first-class

cricket, just as it has no record of the last professional to come shambling, red-faced and ashamed, out of a separate gate. There seems to be a conspiracy of silence about these vital matters, which I have not at present the leisure to break. Let us hurry on therefore to the comparatively enlightened period when one read with relief:

Hendren, E. b R. W. V. Robins 576

That would have been in a Middlesex practice match, I suppose, now I come to look at it more closely, unless it was in one of those vilely named Gentlemen v. Players affairs. The point is not important, for it was now but a very



"This is only their Nisi. Wait till they throw their Absolute."

short step to the full emancipation of a batting list that read:

D. Kenyon
T. W. Graveney
P. B. H. May
E. T. Cetera

Thus, apart from a reactionary tendency in some quarters to put asterisks against the names of amateurs, so that the side appeared at first glance to consist largely of wicket-keepers, the age-long struggle for equality came to an end.

The battle continues on other grounds. The professionals, at a reasonable guess, have never cared a rap whether their initials came before or after their surnames, or indeed whether they came at all. But they do seem, on the evidence of the recommendations of the M.C.C.'s Special Committee, to be a little jealous of any attempt by the amateurs to masquerade as professionals. It is not that they are demanding the restoration of the separate gate, or insisting that amateurs should have "Esq." after their names to indicate their dilettante status; what worries them is the fear that non-professionals may make almost as much out of the game as professionals. "Anomalies" is the word for goings-on of this kind. Or more directly, in the words of one newspaper, "In spite of fears expressed by the professionals . . . that the introduction of broken-time payments for amateurs during tours might lead to similar payments by the counties in the case of first-class cricket in England, the Committee was agreed, etc., etc." This is a perfectly understandable attitude. Nothing annoys any bunch of hardworking employees more than the secretary or treasurer who will insist on putting "Hon." in front of his title, when everybody knows that he is paying for his spats out of the petty cash.

It is all the more surprising that the Committee recommend that no distinction be drawn, as between amateurs and professionals, in the matter of the use of their names by advertisers. Here, surely, is the gold-mine. It has long been recognized by the general public that no professional cricketer who heads the averages or takes five or six Australian wickets in an innings could have stood the strain unless he had started the day with wholemeal bread and finished it with a malt extract. That such a man should be careful to keep his hair out of his eyes with Tapolene and to ignite his cigarettes

with Bunsen lighters is also accepted as in the natural order of things. If his personal preferences bring him in a little extra, who will not rejoice? But for amateurs—that is something else again. Are the professionals really prepared to have every Tom, Dick and Harry from the Universities boldly proclaiming his faith in Triton collars for distinguished evening wear?

Even if they are, I am against it. I don't know why. There may be some kind of submerged snobbery here. But when May and Cowdrey are at the wicket I like to think that the sheer joy of run-making, or in Cowdrey's case, at times, the sheer joy of not getting out, is what inspires them to carry on. Once let me get the idea that one of them may just conceivably be thinking "Another fifty and Glubbo will be after me" and half the romance will go out of the game. The sunlight will fade, the shadows begin to lengthen across the ground, and as the four hundred goes up and the representatives of Snip,



Rozzit and Dr. Page's Pills cluster round the back door of the pavilion, I shall rise from my intolerably uncomfortable seat in the Mound Stand and swear a great oath, by Grace, by Jessop, yes and by the Lord Hawke too, never again to sit in at such an advertiser's benefit.

Somebody will now remind me that W.G. made a fortune by recommending Smoothex as an after-shave lotion.

Woman's Place

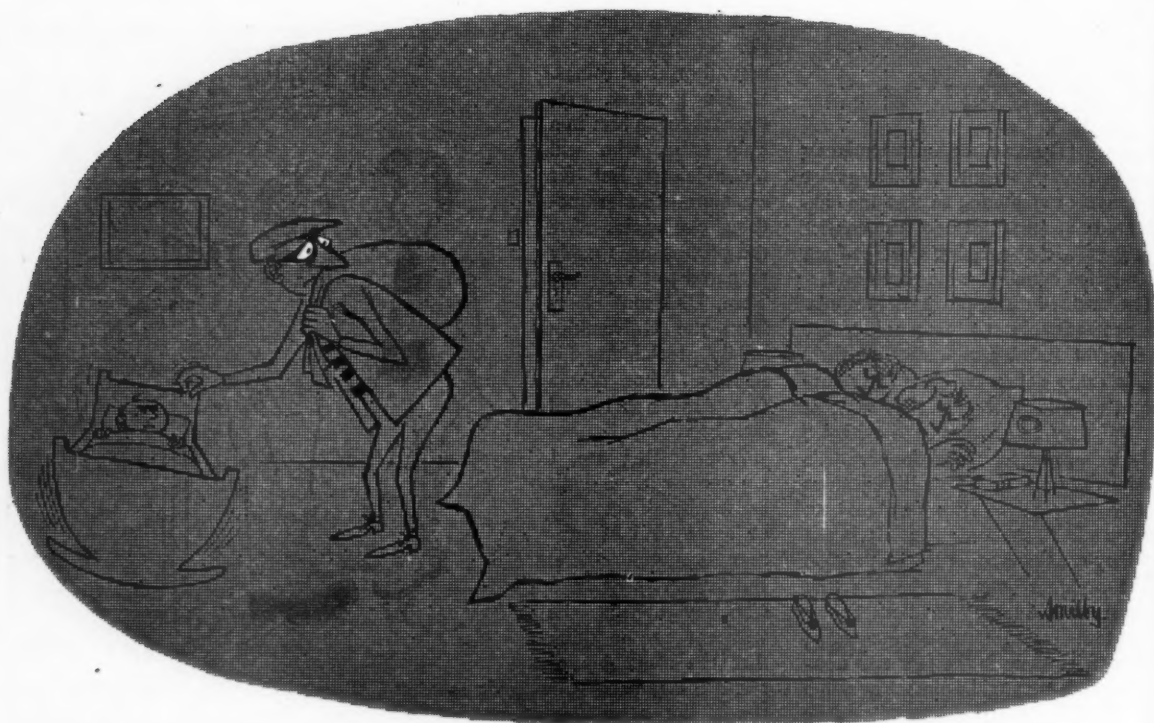
"A glamorous model follows a famous ballerina on to the political stage."—Daily Express

DON'T join your husband on the stage, Shirley Worthington,

Don't join your husband on the stage,
Political personalities are of too coarse a kind
For candidates' wives
With glamorous lives
To tag along behind—

You seem a *ni-ice* girl,
Who's struck it rich and carved a niche
In fashion's favourite page.
On my knees, Shirley Worthington,
Please, Shirley Worthington,
Don't join your husband on the stage.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Son and Father

By LORD KINROSS

WE live in an age when filial obligations assume an increasing importance. For the child, more and more, is becoming father to the man. I have in mind, as a particular example of this, my friend Peter and his son Paul.

"Like father, unlike son," might be the motto of this pair. Peter has been a friend of mine since the days during the 'twenties when we were at Oxford together. I remember him there as a young man of outstanding versatility—so much so that he scorned to do anything so humdrum as to take a degree.

He scaled the highest pinnacles of his own and other colleges, once placing a rare Ming vase right on top of the dreaming spire of the Church of St. Mary. He entertained in his rooms the highest in the land, once giving a scintillating party in honour of a Balkan royal prince who turned out afterwards to have been his father's chauffeur. He once rode a mule in the University point-to-point; he put a Cabinet Minister under the table by filling the water carafe at a Union debate with

vodka; he wrote scurrilous exposures, in a magazine which he founded, of the private lives of dons; he was sent down owing £2,000 to Oxford tradesmen.

After so dazzling a career it surprised no one when, starting right at the top of his profession, he was given the responsible post of gossip-columnist-in-chief on London's leading popular daily. It was generally agreed that no one of his generation described with more brilliance and inside knowledge the manifold activities of the Bright Young People. Nor was it surprising when, in a glittering and fashionable ceremony, he married the brightest and youngest of all of them, a girl of a decent county family, with some money of her own, who was hoping to get a job as one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. The result was Paul, who became my godson.

Not long after his birth his mother disappeared to America with the leader of a negro dance band, explaining that she could not permit maternity to interfere with her career. She died in a speedboat accident in Florida some years later.

Paul thus grew up with a certain weight of responsibility on his shoulders. While still at his preparatory school he learnt to mix an excellent cocktail for his father, and was to be seen at his parties conscientiously and solemnly filling up the glasses of the guests. By the time he reached his public school his sense of filial obligation was already well-developed. As befitted a godson, he began to confide in me about his father.

Peter's versatility, as he grew older, was becoming more pronounced. Never a man to allow himself to get into a rut, he had left his paper, after an unlucky dispute over a libel suit, to stand for Parliament as an Independent Liberal candidate at a by-election in Suffolk. Unlucky in his consumption of alcohol, he lost his deposit. Taking to country life, he bought a piece of land which he turned into a nursery garden, going into partnership with a girl to grow early Dutch bulbs on a large scale for the Mayfair market.

Unlucky in his frosts, he lost half his capital, and in partnership with another girl bought a pub on an estuary much

frequented by yachtsmen. Unlucky in his yachtsmen, he lost the other half of his capital. Always out to better himself, he now set off in a sailing-boat with another girl to cross the Atlantic and settle in America, but, unlucky in his winds, got no farther than Biarritz. He was next heard of, without a girl, tutoring the son of a Greek millionaire in the South of France. Unlucky in his advances to the millionaire's wife, he was now selling wine on commission for a firm in St. James's.

"I'm worried about father," Paul said to me. "He doesn't seem able to settle down to anything."

"Well, he's getting older, you know. You must make allowances."

"And he's so vague about money. The other day he asked me to lend him two pounds, which I did out of the fiver you gave me for my birthday. Then two days later he asked me, very nicely of course, for the three pounds he'd lent me. Naturally I gave him the rest."

Paul was growing up into an alert and serious boy. When I saw him again, a year or so later, he was working throughout the holidays for a scholarship exam.

"But it's not easy to get any work done," he said, "with father in the flat. He slouches around all day, doing nothing, and is always wanting to sit and chatter. He doesn't seem to have any real *interests*."

"I think that's just a symptom of ageing pains."

"He never takes any exercise, and he wears a dirty old pair of corduroys all the time, even when my friends come. I don't know what they think."

"Oh well, I expect all fathers are alike."

"And then there are his girls. Three or four of them. They ring up all the time. Not very suitable ones either. I keep asking him his intentions, but he tells me such lies."

I put a godfatherly arm around his shoulder. "Old boys will be old boys. I'm sure he values your advice."

During his next holidays Paul rang me up on the telephone. He sounded distinctly less worried.

"Things are going much better," he said. "I got father a job through a master at school—selling the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It keeps him out in the open air all day, which is good for

him. And I can get on with my work. Also he never has a drink now before five o'clock."

It must have been two or three years before I saw Paul again or heard anything of Peter. Then one day I ran into Paul in the street. He looked a young man now. He had finished his National Service and had gone straight into a good firm in the City, without taking up his scholarship at Oxford.

"All that's a waste of time," he said. "It's important to get on with one's career." Then he asked me: "You've heard about my delinquent dad?"

"No," I replied, with a twinge of anxiety. "What now?"

Paul smiled. "He's engaged. Very suitable. I found her for him, actually—the mother of a man in my unit. Just his age, divorced, from a decent county family, with a thousand a year of her own, free of tax—and prospects. Was on the stage for a bit, so they have plenty of interests in common."

"Congratulations," I said. "This must be a load off your mind."

So, I thought to myself, in the world of to-day, are the virtues of the children visited on the fathers.

THE BRITISH CHARACTER— TWENTY YEARS ON



At Home
Genius

THE sacred flame is no more easily appreciated in the domestic circle to-day than when Pont drew this picture in September 1938.

No Greater Evil has sold 30,000 copies in six months and is to be filmed with Brigitte Bardot—not bad for a first novel, and one moreover written at the age of seventeen. Lyrical reviews of it came from the pens of Cyril Connolly, Sir Harold Nicolson, John Raymond, Stephen Spender and the rest; adjectives like "rewarding," "sensitive," "frank," and "enchanted" were bandied about on all sides. Nevertheless, at home the

young writer still has to face the shocked hostility of the older generation, the condescending indifference of the younger, not to mention the cold, unspoken disapproval of the servants. It is no wonder she is provoked into clutching the table-cloth hysterically and denouncing her brother as everything from an Angry Young Man to a Teddy-Boy—though a glance at his shirt and his hair shows in a moment that he could never possibly be either. (He is in fact reading for the Church in such time as he can spare from playing rugger for his University.)



"Artist's licence, I suppose."

Suggestion Box

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

ONE of the firms that does not figure in the Ministry of Labour's new case-book *Positive Employment Policies (Examples of Management Practice contributing to good relations in industry)* is the Snacker and Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928) Ltd.

One reason for the omission is that we at Snacker's do not yet consider our employment policy positive enough: another is that our Mr. Basing, director in charge of over-all through-put and efficiency, forgot to post the completed questionnaire. However, it is my job, as welfare and industrial relations officer, to keep the workers in the picture, and what follows should therefore be regarded as an unsolicited addendum to the Ministry's report.

The Snacker and Diplocket suggestion-box, moved at the employees' request from the canteen to the cycle-shed and then by way of the template storeroom to the directors' cloakroom, is opened . . .

"About your notice re washing hands before and after," writes Fitter 3082, "I should like to say that the scheme is unacceptable. The stencilled capitalist slogans on the roller-towel are so offensive that all of us in my bay have cut out washing in favour of cotton-waste. Who thought this one up? Mr. Diplocket is my guess. The other week I took a tug at the towel and came up with a slighting reference to somebody called 'Socialist Sam.' Yrs., Samuel Feathers."

"I saw your ad. on TV the other night, and I had to laugh," writes capstan-operator R. T. Lucas. "Mr. Snacker looked a real daisy as a winch-scaffler—trust him to get in the picture! You might let him know that his overalls were on back-to-front and that he was using holding a 2-inch bed-crusher supposed to be running 500-odd volts! Why couldn't you use union labour for these adverts? Disgusted."

"The condensed (expurgated) version of the Chairman's speech at the Annual

General Meeting refers to 'useful personal contacts made by the Board in overseas markets!' Right? Well, if you really want, as you say, to be one big happy family, why not send out a few workers on goodwill missions instead. Mr. Diplocket has been four years running to Florida to our knowledge, and we haven't sold a single hub-cap to the States for twenty years! The undersigned would be prepared to face the rigours of Sweden in June, and if we could kill two birds, etc., and look in at the World Cup Competition while we were there who would blame us?

H. R. Tensley (Forge)

Peter Brubon (Stock)

J. Smith (Costing)

Eunice Radcliff (Canteen)."

The next note merely says "Remember Rochdale!" and is unsigned.

"Many schools, for various reasons, are now switching over from soccer to rugger. I suggest that the Snacker and Diplocket Sports Club should do likewise. In this firm we waste hours every

week gassing about the works' teams and their stupid fixtures, and as Foreman of Shop K I find it virtually impossible to keep on schedule Fridays (tactical discussions) and Mondays (post-mortems). Nobody here can stomach rugger and if we switched over, production and my bonus would go up with a bound. Opposition to the change would be negligible, seeing that everybody objects to the Sports Club shilling deduction every quarter. Obediently, F. T. Ryles."

Troglodyte Art

WHAT a memorable day it must have been in the calendar of prehistoric man when the Annual Art Exhibition was opened and loyal members of the tribe crawled through the entrance into the great cave, where the work of their gifted contemporaries was to be seen upon the walls.

Buffaloes, horses, antelopes, lions, bears, woolly rhinoceroses, all exquisitely coloured and beautifully drawn. Men hunting, dying, killing, performing strange magical rites, frescoes to stir the imagination, to evoke memories, to fire the blood.

Yet there must, I suppose, have been some criticism—not only admiration but abuse. There must have been those who found and disliked traces of Aurignacian influence in meso-Magdalenian studies, those who said "What I like about Gruts' aurochs is the harmonious counterpoint, and all his cattle friezes have a kind of lyrical charm"; others who shrugged their shoulders about Grut and found some fault with the relief and recession of his planes. They may not have said so openly, of course, and this is rendered the more probable because we are not certain that they had learned how to speak.

None the less encomiums and dispraise could be subtly suggested by means of gesticulation, the jerking of thumbs, the screwing up of the eyes, pointing with the forefinger, or the leaping with wild animal shouts into the air; and no doubt the more gifted art critics often followed this course. Or again we may suppose that the art of language had arrived only at the use of

The last suggestion in this selection deals with redundancy. "There are now four and a half million unemployed in the U.S.A.," writes shock-mauler Albert Fewling, "and knowing which way the wind blows some of us older workers are beginning to wonder. At Ruskin College I was taught that it is the duty of governments and private industrial empires to prepare new schemes of work to meet the onset of depression (or recession as it is now called).

"My idea is this: why not abandon production of the 1959 and 1960 models, on which we are now engaged, and switch to 1963 or '4, thus automatically cutting out the lean years. You'll find it all in Keynes. P.S.—I was one of the Jarrow marchers."

More Snacker and Diplocket revelations as soon as the current dispute (over the workers' use of company ply for their sideline production of pipe-racks, coat-hangers, and TV cabinets) is settled.

By EVOE

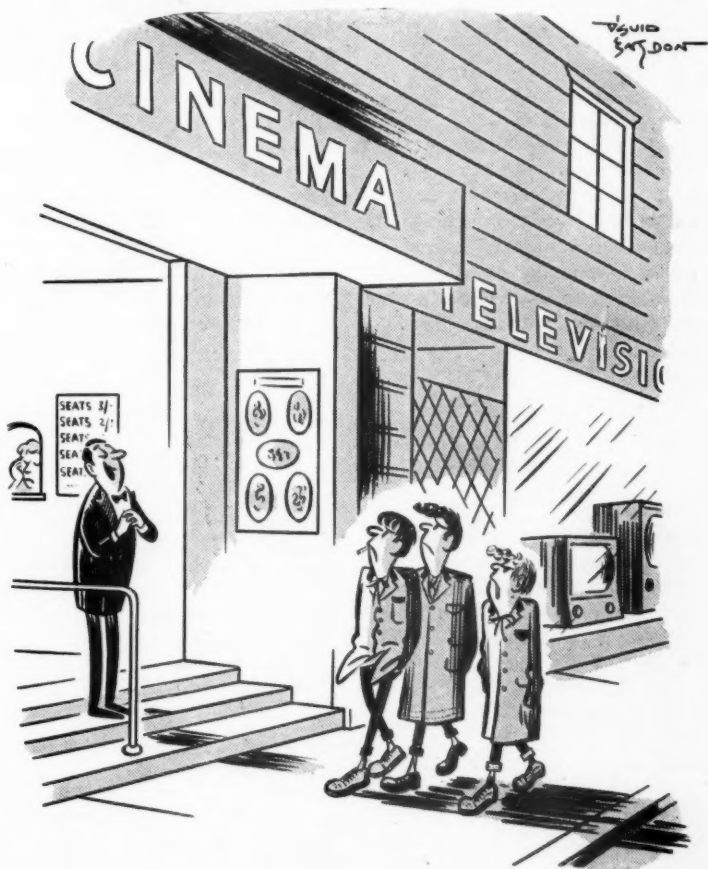
a few simple words, so that a dialogue between the man On and the woman Ur would be restricted to some such simple form as the following:

ON: Like that bull, Ur?

UR: Er.

There were no landscapes in these

exhibitions. There was no still life. These modes were to come. The vision of the cave artist found its noblest inspiration in the pursuit of a fleeting rhinoceros, or the apprehension of a shadowy bison in his rear. There were practically no portraits, a rather merciful



"Good evening, young gentlemen."

taboo which many think might be reimposed on meso-historical mankind.

The only exception to this rule seems to have been the picture of a kind of witch-doctor, dressed in the horns and skins of a wild animal, and this no doubt gathered around it a considerable circle of enthusiasts and gossips, and would be known as the portrait of the year.

Many of the frescoes are "skied," and it does not seem certain how they were executed. I differ from those among my fellow spelæologists who think that the artists climbed poles or were hauled up by ropes to carry out their lovely designs, or those who believe that the floor of the cavern was dug deeper and deeper as the æons rolled so that the old masters remained at the top unseen while the younger schools flourished below. I think it

more likely that a mammoth was introduced when very young into the gallery, and that painters of succeeding ages climbed on to its back, until after a few hundred years when it had reached full mammoth-hood they were able to paint quite near the roof.

But I admit that this point is disputable. Whatever may have been the methods of the artists, and however many the dissensions among the *cognoscenti*, there can be little doubt that the public on the whole was enraptured, and the many strange marks on the walls no doubt took the place of the pencil ticks which thermo-nuclear man makes in his catalogues to-day. There would be a few women perhaps who did not care so much about art as about chattering with their friends or their enemies, and commenting

on a rather modish pelt or a nearly palæolithic ensemble.

But at closing time, which would be earlier I suppose in an unlit cavern than even in the London of 1958, there would be tremendous rejoicing followed by a great feast and a ceremonial dance.

Dancing in these days is very little practised in picture galleries, and I have never been able to discover why, for the floors are much more suitable for this exercise than they were in the Magdalenian era, and the music and measures of the dance could be modulated in accordance with the prevailing type of art.

Certainly in those old days all would be joyous and unrestrained. But not rough, not rowdy. Clubs and bows, spears and stone axes would have been left with the attendants in the vestibule.

My Medical Article

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

MORE and more doctors, hiding behind their professional anonymity, are stealing into print in the large-circulation dailies, taking care to say nothing to make the reader afraid, embarrassed, or likely to change to another paper. A continuous stabbing pain in the chest? Indigestion. Splitting headaches day and night, beyond the reach of bathroom-cabinet analgesics? Change your glasses. Giddiness? Eat more fruit.

I warn editors, I'm a pushover for any paper to publish my medical article:

In my experience as a humble G.P. I repeatedly find the patient pitifully self-deluding. Take Mr. X, who last week entered my surgery complaining of a pain in his toe. "It is nothing but an ingrowing nail, I am convinced, doctor," said he, and asked me to prescribe a little cotton-wool to push under it. A glance showed me that

Mr. X was in an advanced state of *incurionis litotes*, and calling in my receptionist we had the leg off in a jiffy. Once more I had had an example of nature's warnings ignored. During the very same surgery Mrs. Y came hurrying in. Luckily I had hidden X's leg under a blanket. She felt almost ashamed to bother me, she said, but she had had difficulty in breathing during the night, and had been obliged to get up and take a cup of tea in the small hours. "It is a touch of bronchitis," she said. Fortunately I preferred to rely on my own diagnosis—Cattermole's Disease—and was able to arrange for the early removal of the gall-bladder. It is not generally realized that congestion in the respiratory system is seldom a simple matter, but if left unchecked can speedily affect the knees, stomach-muscles, colon, pelvic girdle, and ears. The same is true of banged funnybones.

Sometimes of course the patient knows what is the matter with him, though only subconsciously; this leads him to make a joking reference to the nature of his complaint. A Mr. W called on me complaining of pains in the back. His wife, he said, was convinced that they were due to watching the television in a draught. "But actually," he grinned, "I expect it's granular disintegration of the kidneys: there's a name for it, now..." I said "Exactly.





"I can see it coming—national emergency—direction of labour—me and you up and down them little lines on Mars . . ."

Bright's Disease. Do you mind dialling 999 and we'll get an ambulance in no time."

Of the last dozen patients to summon me to their homes, eight thought they had feverish colds, two complained of lumbago, one felt dizzy after a fried-fish supper, and the other insisted that he had a boil coming on his neck. After my examinations I found I had four pneumonias, three anginas, one smallpox, two shingles, one leprosy and one Blagmire's Disease (softening of the shinbones) on my hands.

Do not ignore small pains and discomforts. They are nature's warning. A shrill pinging in the ears, if not caused by a nearby mosquito, may mean that the brain is working loose; a strangulated caecum is often heralded by pains in the calves; malevolent crystals forming between the frontal and parietal

bones of the skull signify the imminent onset of *flagitis* or Old Man's Dithers, but early symptoms are misleadingly mild, being no more than a drowsiness after meals. Remember that the human body is a highly complex machine, with a thousand and one things to go wrong. A state of over-all health in any individual system is so rare as to be almost freakish, and it should be remembered that in treating one ailment you may well be giving a fingerhold to another.

In conclusion, bear in mind that we doctors know very little. There are many hundreds of diseases that have not even been discovered yet. You probably have them all. Have you made your will?

I offer the first British serial rights of the above to any publication but *The Lancet*—which is using much the same sort of material already.

A Correct Compassion

"HOW doth the busy B.B.C.
Improve health education
By televising in the raw
A real, live operation?"

The critics of the B.M.A.
Spoke with unseemly haste.
The programmes will proceed as
planned
With ghastliest good taste.

For when the cameras approach
Some therapeutic highlight
The scalpel's course will not be scanned
More closely than the skylight.

Nor, should there be by some mischance
A slip of saw or knife,
Will Eammon Andrews sally forth
To say "This Was Your Life."

E. V. MILNER

Cossacks Unhorsed

By CHARLES REID

FOR weeks there had been a crown poster in the streets illustrating a new history of the Revolution. It showed a Cossack slashing with his sabre at a cowering old woman in a Petrograd street. I had a smaller version of the picture in my wallet.

Before leaving for the Albert Hall I glanced at the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It said: "Information about the Cossack peoples in the various regions which have become merged into the ordinary administrative divisions under Soviet rule is very scarce."

Perhaps there aren't any Cossacks at all, I reflected. Yet here were impresarios C. R. Hopper and Victor Hochhauser offering a month's visit, the first to Britain, of a Ukrainian State Cossack dance troupe.

The girls had high cheekbones and cornflower-blue eyes in faces of milk. In make-up eight hours later they didn't look half as pretty. The men, snub, lithe and sinewy, were trying to

poke each other's eyes out with sabres and lances. "Hope they've got an eye bank," murmured a photographer, one of a score waiting in the stalls for the green light.

They waited, we all waited, on Pavel Virsky, People's Artist, Artist of Merit, Stalin Prizewinner. Mr. Virsky is brown as a berry, has a scimitar-shaped nose, a small severe mouth and eyes that glitter like jet beads when a spotlight catches them. He wore double breasted smoke-blue and light tan shoes with buckles. At first sight I mistook him for another State pearl-button works superintendent. How wrong I was. He directed the rehearsal with handclaps, cupped mouth and vulpine tread, no word, pace, glance or thought wasted. His efficiency was intimidating.

After the gopak finale had been run through I was first over the footlights, carrying an interpreter in the crook of my arm. Behind me in a dimly receding queue stood plump Mr. Hochhauser, with tranquil smile curled on his right cheek, and dark, dynamic Mr. Hopper, with cigar and superb hair-parting.

"Punch?" said Mr. Virsky. "Like *Krokodil* a bit? Satirik, ha?"

"Quite. But about Cossacks. Are there any, really?"

"Cossacks are like your English knights-in-armour. You had them once. You haven't them now."

I was about to ask another question when Mr. Virsky suddenly vulpined off, leaving me with eyes blank and mouth open, to titivate a mass photo-call. He rearranged embroidered hems with nicety. Taking profiles between his hands, he curtly re-angled them. I didn't get near him again until after the show backstage. He

was nursing an inscribed silver cup from Mr. Hopper and Mr. Hochhauser and bowing and clicking his heels before the ambassadorial smiles of two sizes in Malik. Malik the son's smile was a startlingly precise scaling-down of Malik the father's.

When Mr. Virsky had done I plucked his sleeve. Waving me to a dressing-room chair he confined the silver cup in cardboard and resumed his thesis in these terms:

"As autonomous military castes the eleven Cossack groups of Russia ceased to exist in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Some of their descendants are grassland farmers still. Some are intelligentsia. Some are urban workers. I may be of Cossack descent myself. Who knows? Certainly I don't. Look at my nose. Noses of this pattern were fashionable once among the Zabaykalye Cossacks."

"You talk of 1775. But Cossacks were still around in mid-1917, shooting Petrograd workers, cheered like mad by the bourgeoisie. Take a look at this."

I showed him my picture of the Cossack slashing at the cowering old woman.

"But that," said Mr. Virsky after a pause, "isn't one of ours. He's not a Ukrainian Cossack at all. He's a Don Cossack."

"And the Don Cossacks were a bad lot?"

"Some Cossacks were devoted to the Czar. Naturally they fought for him."

No fighting now. No shooting, no slashing. All that's left of the Cossacks, apparently, is embroidered silks, fur caps, sabre play, shifting lance patterns and a magnificent tradition of leaping, twirling, squatting on hams, folding of arms and shooting in and out of legs booted in soft red leather. All this Mr. Virsky keeps on the simmer with a cool mastery not often experienced in the Western theatre.

A thing that still eludes me, though, is how a military caste could disappear in 1775 and crop up for strike-breaking in 1917. Did I misunderstand? Or was Mr. Virsky talking satirik, ha?

5 5

"The Analytical Uses of
ETHYLENEDIAMINETETRAACETIC ACID
A time-saver for busy chemists . . ."
The Bookseller

Sorry, too busy.



The Countryside Now

By ANGELA MILNE

ALL through January and February our countryside is thought by many to be at its most fascinating. Take trees. The sap has really settled into the roots, the fallen leaves have had time to coagulate and a light fog gives the branches the effect of having been cut out of grey cardboard, as well as keeping them nice and wet.

While you pick your way sullenly down the lane, on the middle strip where the grass more or less holds the mud together, it'll help to remember that only in winter is a tree revealed in the beauty of its uncluttered outline. So, even if it does mean bringing your ears out of your scarf again, move your head for a miserable, compulsive glance upward. What do you see?

Something a hell of a lot more interesting than you expected. A half-hearted old nest with a bit of rag hanging on that someone must have chucked up some time.

Shove your ears back before they freeze. A great thing about this phase of winter is that snow is either in the air or stuck about on the ground in dirty great lumps of damp granulated sugar. Ice coats the pale brown puddles of the tractor ruts, and when stood on gives out a rather jolly squeak and a frightfully amusing jet of water bang through the crack in your gumboot.

So it doesn't matter any more where you walk and you can go and look at the hedgerow, which compared with the rest of the lane seethes with excitement.

What helps here is knowledge. Knowing that the bamboo stumps were once Pigweed or Idiot's Turnip and the raffia was grass and the ivy was ivy and the whole soggy tangle isn't worth clawing under unless you collect cheese labels.

Fix your dratted scarf again.

Chink-chink, goes the merry black-bird on the barbed wire. *Chink-chink. Chink-chink.* Is anything, he seems to be saying, more disgusting than wet woolly gloves?

Chink-chink. Chink-chink. Chink-chink. Throw him off by dodging over that stile, which leads to a ploughed field just now every bit as exciting as trees. Rubbed-up grass-clods pocked with ice reach away into the mist. The mist is twenty yards off and coming in

fast. It shrouds a rusty horse-rake, touches with an eerie quality an old man in a tarpaulin hat sitting eating bacon sandwiches. Aggoty-ow, he snarls in greeting, meaning Get off my spring clover, dang you. His hat goes up and down when he chews.

Got your Mike Todd mac? Force it on over your coats and woollies. *Chink-chink. Forty-nine. Chink-chink. Fifty.* Wrench out a clod and fling it at the bird.

Slowly the old man chews his last mouthful. Very slowly he corks his bottle of tea, drops it in a sack, hobbles into the coppice. Very, very slowly he hangs the sack up, dries his chopper on one corner, drops the chopper, dries it again, puts the sack on the ground, puts the chopper on the sack, crouches to blow gnarled blue hands.

All the rhythm of the winter countryside is in this old man's movements, deliberate, economical, planned. He can keep them up easily until knocking-off time, when he'll seize everything and huff home to his telly—and so would you.

You're working along the hedge now, biting listlessly on a terrible formaldehyde lozenge and trying to move your toes. Want some catkins? They won't come out in water but you're not to know that. Lean into the brambles, tread on a slide of wet leaves, gasp, splash, fight your way out of the ditch, wring yourself dry, wipe the blood from your forehead, hop back for your gumboot and stop feeling sorry for yourself. That is how people pick catkins.

Wham. Slap in your eye a ton of wood-pigeon. Flap flap, here it is again, waddling round you, wiping the mud off its beak on to your boots and looking fit to burst and scatter toast and canary seed like a pincushion. But there, as the great naturalist W. H. Hudson said wistfully, never jump a pigeon flat simply because it looks happy in winter. Anyway you need your strength for getting out of here, and quick.

Strike across the field into the wind. Straight off the North Pole it blows or straight off Russia, always one or the other now. Your eyes run, your hands and ears and mac-belt drop off, the fog closes, darkness falls though it's only 2.30, the grass-clods trip you and way under the frozen mud or somewhere

dormice are curled snug and warm, chrysalises lie like tiny cigars dipped in treacle, moles and water-rats eat scrambled eggs with badgers, wild geese in strings and early primroses go honk honk you wouldn't wonder, no, yes indeed, ha ha for the English winter!

So, stumbling, yelling hysterically, scrabbling at your scarf, you cover the last three hundred yards to a pebble-dash hovel called TEAS, where a delicious cup and some rubber bread-and-butter make a fitting end to this glimpse of our countryside at this time of year.

"Please, God Almighty, help U.S. make, for great and small among U.S. The world safe for honest folks and for the right victorious. To set right standards up once more, Socialism or Communism are false standards, false ideals, idols, false gods.

Send stamp for answers to questions. Be specific."

A "Mothers of America" pamphlet
Not O.H.M.S.?



"Two and ninepence halfpenny, sir—unless you're lying on anything."

THE NEW MAYHEW—



—AN EXHIBITOR OF TABLEAUX, VOCALISTS, ETC.



ATHER less gusto and liveliness is apparent in the leisure occupations of the poor of the city, as more and more of their traditional entertainments tend to be displaced by fresh novelties of one kind or another. The report which follows was obtained from an exhibitor of tableaux and living performers of all sorts, who, faced with a steadily declining business, was considering a return to the wholesale garment trade, in which he had made an adequate living until the age of twenty-five.

"Then I branched out into this lark, and why I done it, I can't rightly tell you. I oughter had my head examined, if you ask me, because there's no future, that I can see. Well, the lark is simple enough. What you have to do, you take out a licence as a manager in the theatrical line, and you think up some title as will be an attraction, and look well on a bill. Yes, something pleasing to the general public, as you say. Like, for instance, you might have *Nothing On To-night, Boys!*, or *Legs, Busts and Belly Laffs of 1958* ('laughs' being spelt with two Fs—a very humorous touch, see). One time I done very well with *Look, Ma, I'm Naked!* Then another of my titles was *The Sexy Strip Show*, but I never reckoned much to that: it was dull, as you'll agree, and didn't have the same wittiness what the others had. Oh, yes, wittiness is half the battle in a title, without a doubt. That and being catchy, that's what you have to aim at. Why, sometimes a title of this kind might take you weeks before you get it perfect. No, the show itself isn't nearly so much trouble.

"What you need to make a show is, first, any bits of scenery you can pick up cheap, and gaudy if possible. Then you want a girl as will stand naked without busting out laughing, and a few others to be only *half* naked: they come cheaper, as is only fair. Three of these is a good number, unless you have the word 'lavish' on the bills; then you might run to four. Also you want seven or eight as can dance a bit, and roll their eyes; and a singer, or what we term a 'vocalist.' Then an opening act, like it

A hundred years ago Henry Mayhew, a former joint-editor of PUNCH, wrote "London Labour and the London Poor." ALEX ATKINSON and RONALD SEARLE make a modern reassessment.

might be an old man and his daughter doing an *adagio* dance, glad of a few quid. Then what's called a comic. The rest you can make up with, such as an instrumentalist, a juggler, some comedy acrobats, or a girl in tights who can walk about and smile.

"Next, you must book a few touring 'dates,' and try to keep going as long as you can. But things being what they are to-day it's a hard life, and hardly ever a profit. The public is fickle, you see. Where at one time they'd queue up in their hundreds to see a good, spicy, family show like the one I have here this week, called *Harem-Scarem Strip*, nowadays you can't hardly hope to three-quarter fill the house on any night unless you've got a real good poster to entice them. Well, what I call a *good* poster is one that makes it seem like a show as would never be allowed by the police in Port Said. The public loves to see a show of that kind, being naturally curious; although of course when they get inside they might find some of the items not quite so pleasing as they appear on the bill. Now, take this item here in big red letters: 'The Barbaric Orgy of the Slaves and Virgins—They Dared Us to Show It!' Well, that's really three Leicestershire women in butter-muslin larking about behind a gauze in their bare feet, and the band playing 'The Blue Danube.' But what do they expect for four and a tanner in the front rows? I tell you, it's a tragedy that a famous English entertainment like this should be allowed to die out through apathy. There'll have to be a subsidy if I'm to carry on the work much longer."

He next assured me that as he now intended to "nip in and count the house" I would be welcome to accompany him, there being "several nice seats left" at very reasonable prices. Being anxious for a glimpse of this declining form of urban amusement I entered the hall, which was a graciously designed theatre in a side street, now

considerably decayed and smelling powerfully of carbolic mixed with lilies-of-the-valley. There was a meagre attendance, so that the voices of the performers echoed. Near the orchestra, however, three rows of seats were quite well filled. Here men of all ages lounged at ease, wearing their overcoats against the draught; one elderly man, indeed, had also kept his cap on. He read a newspaper until the boom of a gong announced the Barbaric Orgy, thus depriving himself of the pleasure of observing a boy, dressed as a bull-fighter, playing a selection of Irish airs upon the piano-accordion, his smile becoming less secure at each fumbled *arpeggio*. He also missed a gentleman of Chinese appearance who strenuously contorted himself to the strains of "In a Monastery Garden"; a tenor and a soprano whose repertoire proved too extensive for the patience of a patron in the gallery; a troupe of local young ladies, apparently disguised as *bedouin*, who performed a ballet of mystifying complexity entitled "Secrets of the Sphinx"; and a plump, north-country humorist in a frock coat and knickerbockers, who delivered a number of unsavoury anecdotes before singing a song about the power of prayer. Next there came a series of ill-lit tableaux, in which ladies in various stages of undress represented the seasons, Hades, and the Botticelli "Venus"; the latter proved most amusing, since Venus herself bore the indentation of a suspender upon her leg.

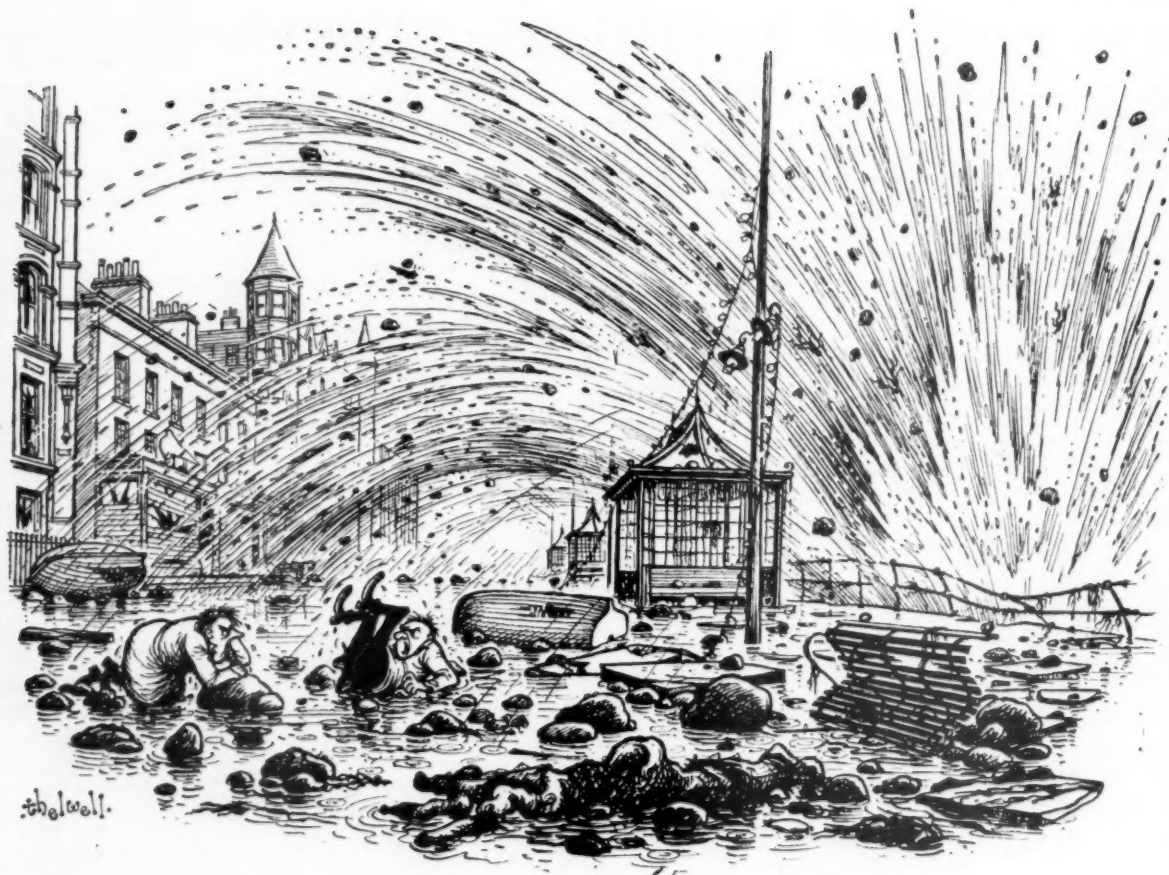
The gong then sounding for the *pièce de résistance* the gentleman in the cap sat upright and began to devote a great deal of energy to breathing. I departed as quietly as I could.

I have described the proceedings as faithfully as possible, for I cannot believe that such entertainments will long survive. I wish I could find it in my heart to regret their passing.

ALEX ATKINSON

Next week: **A Night at Wrestling**

Inquiries about earlier instalments of "The New Mayhew" are constantly being received. Issues containing these may be obtained from the Circulation Manager, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, price 1s. each, post free.



"Harwell said it might be twenty years before we got any power out of it."

Darkness and a Face Turning

By GWYN THOMAS

FANCIERS of popular evangelism may have come across Kitchener Purdoo doing his piece on Samson at Gaza. It was a top note. In its day it put more people on edge than diplomacy. It was the best exposition of man betrayed and tormented ever seen and it sent whole congregations away with the feeling that nothing would ever be quite right again.

When Kitchener was about ten he and the other members of our group came under the influence of a sad and mentally enclosed Sunday School teacher called Mogford Hale. Mogford was no theologian and he had been given a class on account of his stern manner and a bowler worn with forbidding squareness on his head. He had earnestly loved a long series of women and had been

jilted by every one. From the first lesson he gave us Mogford showed us the bent of his main phobia. He dived into the story of Samson and Delilah and stayed there. Sunday after Sunday the grim tale of love and outrage was shaken out before us, and Kitchener would listen entranced as if he had his hand on the hurt of Mogford's inner pain.

One Sunday afternoon Mogford got up from his seat and began to act the drama. He got hold of one of the flimsy pillars that support the chapel's gallery and began shaking it. The chapel's foundations were brittle and five minutes after Mogford had returned to his seat a part of the chapel's back wall fell away. This, as it happened, had nothing to do with Mogford because his

muscles were minute and his technique as a pillar-shaker weak, but the superintendent of the Sunday School told him to switch to the New Testament where the violence is less thick on the ground and lust less specifically featured.

It was at a tea given in the vestry to pupils who had taken part in a concert to celebrate Whitsun that Mogford, and through him, Kitchener, stumbled to his climax. It was a good tea. An acre of flat sponge cake and jellies coloured in ways that broke new ground for us. Mogford was happy. He had been making advances to a lady of early middle age, Miss Priscilla Payne, who had spent fifteen years nursing a misanthropic and violent father, and she found the lathered solicitude of Mogford

refreshing. Miss Payne had been greatly impressed by Mogford's gift of a tall metal urn, heated by gas, to the vestry to replace the old, fallible coal-burning range built against the back wall of the chapel for ceremonial tea-making.

The urn was carried into the vestry. It was filled with water and Miss Payne called for silence. She patted and stroked the urn and said how delighted we all were at Mogford Hale's forethought.

Mogford turned on the gas tap. He pulled a match out of the box and started writhing and bowing in the direction of Miss Payne. The hiss of the gas was remarkably loud. In any silence that followed a speech by Miss Payne any sound struck hard at one. Mogford started explaining in a passionate mumble how the years had knitted a kind of canvas shroud around his dreams and how Miss Priscilla Payne was lifting it slowly off. He made his points by levelling the unlit match at his head and at Miss Payne alternately. Then he lit the match. Kitchener Purdoo, with that instinct that has drawn him to the climax of every bit of clownish folly acted out in our zone, went to stand at Mogford's side as he applied the match. There was a bang that made the vestry shake. Mogford and Kitchener were hurled into a corner, doing minor damage to about twenty jellies. Miss Payne had rushed to defend with her own body the five immense trifles that she herself had made for the treat, and as she bent low over them she was calling for the driving forth of Mogford Hale and all his novelties.

Kitchener appeared before us the next day looking desperate, as if he had just made some immense individual decision. "Let's go up to that little shack in the quarry," he said.

We were surprised. The stone shack was a tiny Bronze Age structure we had built for ourselves in a disused quarry. It was small, unmortared and unsafe. We would light a fire in it, forage around the allotments for potatoes, and roast them in the stone shack. Kitchener had never once entered into this phase of our entertainments. He would never risk a summons for lifting potatoes from an alien allotment, and the size of the shack gave him a claustrophobic sickness that made him shiver from tip to toe. Besides he was a neat boy and he was

told by his parents to keep away from games from which he might emerge torn or smeared.

We started up the hillside towards the quarry. We passed the great square of the allotments. Kitchener set his jaw and stared in a predatory way at the acres of growing stuff. "Leave this to me," he said. "I'll get the potatoes."

He vaulted over a stile. He marched calmly to a row of potatoes and helped himself to a dozen or so which he stuffed, dirt and all, into the pockets of his spotless suit. We followed him up the mountain. He was driving himself hard and kept well ahead. He looked deformed with his load of potatoes, but he had lost none of the piratical assurance with which he had looted the vegetable-patch.

We reached the quarry. The hut, built frankly out of true, squatted at the foot of the rock face. Its entrance was narrow and involved a lot of squeezing past sharp stones. Inside, four small crouching bodies would pack it tight. Looking at it soberly in the light of that May evening we could understand why Kitchener had always remained outside.

"To-day," he said, and his voice made it clear that he was speaking right up for himself, Mogford Hale, Samson and all the victims—"to-day I'm going to do it all. You can all go and bathe in the dingle. I'll see to the potatoes and the fire and everything."

He started to unload the potatoes and

we were glad to see him do it, because it had been distressing to us to see the only model dresser among us come up the slope looking so shapeless with that burden of vegetables. We were going to tell him to tone down the fanatical intention in his voice and face but he waved us away. We helped him pick up bits of kindling that were scattered around the shack. We gave him matches. We left him and made our way to the dingle where there was shadow, dragonflies, foxgloves of mesmeric loveliness and water deep enough to dive into and cold enough to numb one for hours on end.

When we returned to the top of the quarry we looked down. Some wisps of smoke were coming from the shack but there was no sign of Kitchener. We hurried down the grass path that flanked the quarry. The nearer we got to the shack the more and more clearly we could hear the angry terrified cries of Kitchener groping about inside trying to find the entrance. As we were covering the last few yards to the shack the stone roof erupted like a volcano and Kitchener came into view, blinded by smoke, blackened, his mouth open with shock and rage that never really left him from that day on.

We helped Kitchener out. His tormented feet had kicked embers and potatoes all over the floor of the shack. We rescued the potatoes, cooked to death, scarcely distinguishable except



roughly by shape from the charred bits of wood on which they had been baked.

We bathed Kitchener's eyes in the cascade that ran quietly down the rock face. He whimpered and refused to admit that his blindness and ache were being assuaged. To make him feel better we even tried to eat the potatoes he had baked for us. It was like a meal of black bark and we were glad when Kitchener told us that the sound of our teeth breaking into this stuff was terrible to him when he could not see exactly what we were at.

Kitchener rarely played with us after that. He went on to the peak of his strange evolution, which was, as I told you, that sermon about the music of betrayal which is perpetual on this earth and our most essential act of genius: Samson shorn and eyeless, tearing the world to tatters.

But Mogford Hale did better. It seemed that that experience in the vestry had snapped the last iced inhibition that had hung over Miss Payne in the course of her wintry traffic with her father. Stretched over that sensuous patch of trifles when Mogford had come hurtling into her she had stepped out into a new emotional fluency. She and Mogford came to camp on a pasture of simple bliss. They punished themselves and kept slyly in training for hell by going twice a year to listen to Kitchener when he was on tour.



"Gosh! What's 10% commission on £20,000,000?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Letters addressed to the Editor, unless specifically marked otherwise, may be considered for publication.)

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—This is to verify your supposition (in *Punch* Diary, February 12) that the red-brick universities have Rag Committees; we also have to ask the permission of the Vice-Chancellor before we embark on our enterprises. Despite these disadvantages, however, I should like to assure you that we do have a great deal of fun, and at the same time give help to several small local charities which would otherwise find it difficult to keep going. This state of affairs is symptomatic of the trend for finding some sort of justification for everything: surely the fact that students now direct their destructive energies into helping others less fortunate than themselves is neither their fault nor to be criticized?

Yours faithfully,

MARJORIE SMITH (Miss)

Sheffield University

HOWLER

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—With reference to *Native Mnemonics* in your issue of February 19: I fear you must expect "Oh!"s For *parcere subjectis*. Rather more correct is *Parcere subjectis*.

Yours faithfully,

A. R. CARNABY

Edgware

IMMARCESCIBLE

To the Editor of Punch

DEAR SIR,—I was intrigued to read in your issue of February 5 the word "immarcescible." I have not seen or heard of this previously, and have been unable to find it in a dictionary.

Yours faithfully

Edgbaston

J. S. ROBINSON

* Chambers defines immarcescible as "never-fading, imperishable."

DOCTOR IN AMERICA

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Richard Gordon on Doctors in America in a recent issue is false and in bad taste. He states that doctors in America are all specialists. Our family doctor can do an appendectomy, deliver a baby, and is known as an M.D. He is not an oddity, he is our town's busiest physician and he is not a specialist.

Mr. Gordon says that in our newspaper obituary columns the cause of death is given in "rich detail," showing a preoccupation with disease. He must mean that on occasion a bereaved family may say in the obituary "Please omit flowers. Contributions in his name may be sent to the American Cancer Society," or some other research foundation. Americans are interested in medical research and like

to remember a loved one in a constructive manner which might help some future sufferer.

Mr. Gordon also states that in U.S. medicine "charity is a term of contempt" and that we can write off medical bills on our tax statements. You have the national health service; our government allows us to deduct these medical bills, and that is their way of helping us as you are helped by the health service. If you can pay your way, you pay, but if you can't you'll get your medical help.

ELIZABETH S. KILHAM

Framingham, Mass.

THE TERRIBLE TURK

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—The picture of the wrestlers in the coloured advertisement in your February 5 issue reminded me that Madrali, the "Terrible Turk," came to this country over fifty years ago and met Hackenschmidt, the great Russian wrestler, who in the first round picked him up and threw him with great force to the mat, breaking his arm and ending the conflict. That was the last we heard of the Terrible Turk. Hackenschmidt remained in this country and I believe took up farming and I think is still alive although he must be nearly eighty years old.

H. H. HEARN

Torquay

LOST DOG

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—

On Wednesday last* I heard a sound—

"Twas Toby, all in tears.

"Just look at that: I'm dropped," he wept,

"And after all these years!"

"Cheer up," said I, "and make less moan, Although it is a shame;

"Tis not your master's let you down It's that ff to blame.

But we'll protest"—as, sir, I do

And ask you to decree

Henceforth that Toby's always there

And ff sings pp.

Manchester

N. M. BOZMAN

* *Punch* cover, February 12, by folks, showed *Punch* without Toby.

"Three regimes of flow arise. When the rate of rotation is low, the flow is essentially a meridional vortex. At somewhat higher rotation rates the flow is characterized by a regular quasi-horizontal wave-like pattern in which the motion is almost entirely confined to a narrow meandering 'jet' stream. At very high rotation rates the flow becomes 'turbulent,' in the sense that rapid and complicated fluctuations occur."

Tea will be served from 3.45 p.m.

Summary of a Royal Society Paper

Good.



Rebuilding the "House"

MANY years ago Mr. Punch described the Stock Exchange as "a place where some people sell what they haven't got to others who don't want it." This would not get full marks from Chairman Sir John Braithwaite, or from the high-powered advertising agency which now looks after Throgmorton Street's public relations; but it is still the neatest available definition of the bear and the bull—the bear who sells what he hasn't got in the hope of buying it back cheaper later, and the bull who buys what he doesn't want to hold permanently, but hopes that prices will rise and that he will be able to snatch a quick profit.

The bears, needless to say, are wearing a particularly glossy look these days. The real bear, however, is a comparatively rare animal. In the gilt-edged market, where business is for cash, his in and out—or rather out and in—operation has to be completed very smartly indeed. A fair example was the man who recently explained to the Bank Rate Tribunal that he normally spent his morning train journey in deciding on a gamble for the day (while his companions in the carriage were less profitably engaged doing the crossword) and on the famous September 19 in question sold £10,000 of gilt-edged (which he hadn't got) before Bank Rate went up, repurchased it in the afternoon, and after paying expenses cleared a net £200. Very nice going, though chicken-feed to what the big pools-winners seem to be pocketing these days.

With shares there is a little more time allowance for the thing to come off—and also to go sour. The Stock Exchange deals for accounts which usually span two and sometimes three weeks. Within this period sales and purchases can be made for the same settlement date and without any cash moving.

The bull is the optimist, the man who hopes that prices are going up and deals accordingly. Needless to say, the market to-day is full of what it calls "stale bulls," that is investors who have bought shares at higher prices and are hoping against hope that a day will come when they can sell out again without too great a loss. If they are carrying their shares on borrowed money they

are finding it increasingly difficult and expensive to get the necessary facilities.

These are the exotic animals in the Stock Exchange menagerie. The solid rank and file are the ordinary investors who would not dream of instructing their brokers to buy shares for which they cannot pay and who, similarly, would be aghast at the thought of giving an order to sell something which they have not got.

Both the bread-and-butter business and the speculative jam have recently been getting thinner. Hence the uproar that has gone up following the suggestion that Stock Exchange subscriptions should be increased in order to finance a £4½ million project for rebuilding the House. It certainly needs rebuilding. The structure bears all the evidence of the gradual process of "take-over" and expansion from which it began one hundred and fifty-six years ago on a small Capel Court site, then occupied by the knuckle-fighter Mendoza's boxing-booth. It is not the most efficient place in which to do business.



And an Ice-floe to Steer Her By

FROSTBITE racing in twelve- or fourteen-foot dinghies is enjoyed, though the reason for this is not clear. The season begins in October, when most yachtsmen are getting ready for winter voyages in books, and continues as long as the sea, river or lake is reasonably free of icebergs.

It was invented—only a few years ago—by dinghy sailors whose ids were being upset by being shore-borne for half the year. They argued, perhaps, that sailing in the English summer being what it is, sailing in the winter couldn't be much more harrowing, and by the time they had found how wrong they were they had won a reputation for ruggedness which they did not at all want to lose.

At first it was enough to wrap themselves in sweaters and oilskins, race for an hour in a warm and moderate November breeze, and come sweating healthily ashore to drink the rum punch which had been prepared by their admiring women.

This did not last. Those who suffered most severely from sea—or reservoir—fever felt that frostbite in name only was not enough. In the

A transatlantic visitor recently gazing at the scene through the plate glass of the public gallery was heard to ask "where were the cotes for the pigeon post?" The place must be pulled down and put up again and the objections will lessen when business revives.

When the job is taken in hand it will be a challenge to all concerned to erect something worthy of what is still the most important financial centre in the world, and the finest site in that square mile. The Stock Exchange itself will have a keen professional interest in the building since it deals in the shares of some of the great firms of contractors—among them (in strictly alphabetical order of merit) Richard Costain, Humphreys, John Laing and Son, John Mowlem, George Wimpey, and Taylor Woodrow.

Many of these firms span the world in their activities. If the under-developed countries insist on enjoying all the pleasures and headaches of becoming developed there will be abundant work for them to do whether or not the House is rebuilt.

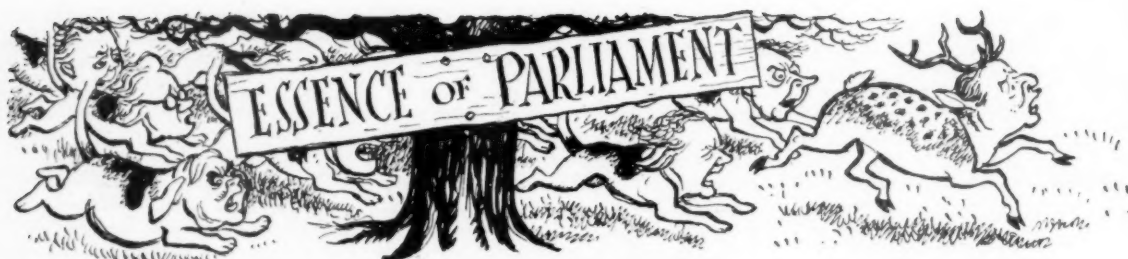
SLICKER

* * *

bitter weather which they now chose, the string vests, parkas and windproofs were no more effective than tissue paper, and the happy sailors came ashore with blue faces, hands cut by frozen ropes, the cuts well filled with salt. To the rum punch were added warmed blankets and hot baths, and there have been no actual deaths.

Until a quick-frozen cadaver has had to be cut from the rigging it is doubtful, however, if frostbite racing will be accepted by the really keen yachtsman. There is a good chance that this may happen in time. It is one of the rules of sailing a dinghy, so that you may get the best out of her, that the helmsman and the crew should change their position in the boat as little as possible. Rocking the boat checks her speed. The jolly frostbite sailors therefore sit for hours on the gunwale—perhaps half an inch wide—their toes tucked under webbing straps so that they may lean backwards and outboard to balance the boat. Falling overboard is not done, so they wind a bight of the fore or mainsheet round their hands, which are thus numb within seconds. Their circulation growing more sluggish every sodden moment, they race gaily round the course.

They can't understand why Dr. Fuchs went all that way to the Antarctic. They like it here. PHILIP HOLLAND



WE had been warned to expect "furious attacks" on the Prime Minister in the Foreign Affairs debate. "Cry Rochdale and let slip the dogs of war" was to be the order of the day, and the Prime Minister was to be hunted like a wild animal—or perhaps in this week one should rather say was to be hunted like a huntsman. But whatever Rochdale spirit there was was worked off when Mr. McCann took his seat on Tuesday. Poor Mr. McCann! This marching up the Chamber from the Bar to the Table is a bit of an ordeal for the Member fresh from his by-election triumph, and as Mr. McCann stood there nervously fingering his tie for about half an hour he looked far from at ease. It was these ministerial statements. They are getting to be too many even for the patience of those Members who have already taken their seats. There were three on Tuesday and of those three the last at any rate—that of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on Cyprus—was surely unnecessary, for all that he had to say was that he had nothing to say. He might as well have given the "Number Engaged" signal and have done with it.

When it came to Foreign Affairs there was no party spirit at all on the opening day of the debate. Indeed the most notable difference between the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition was that the Prime Minister had returned from his Commonwealth tour convinced that the well-known Russian letter-writer pronounced his name *Bulgehnin*. Mr. Gaitskell plumped for the more conservative *Bulgarnin*.

"You say *Bulgehnin* and I say *Bulgarnin*,
Ain't we got fun?"

In the atmosphere of Wednesday's debate it seemed almost as if that was the only obstacle to a National Government.

Mr. Macmillan had come back entertaining a pious hope that the

prospects for disarmament were better. He wandered into a curious mixture of metaphors. We must have a summit conference, but we were travelling towards it in a caravan, and it was for the purpose of ice-breaking. I do not know that caravans are particularly suitable vehicles either for scaling mountains or for breaking ice, nor did Mr. Bevan make it much better when he transformed the caravan into a cortège. Yet Mr. Gaitskell was justified in his complaint that, though Mr. Macmillan said that things were getting better, he did not explain why. At least that complaint could not be made against Mr. Gaitskell. There was nothing that he did not explain. He explained his party's points about missile bases, tests and disengagement and the rest, and was only a little disingenuous in thinking that, for all that Mr. Mallalieu argued, no harm could be done by postponing the building of rocket bases until after the summit conference. If you say "We will not go on with our rearmament plans unless and until the conference has proved itself a failure," then, if the conference should not succeed, you have either to pretend that it was a success when it wasn't, or to plunge into further rearmament so that they cannot say that your bluff was called.

The general atmosphere on the first

day was more that of a Council of State than of a party debate—a welcome atmosphere. Members asked serious questions about peace in the Middle East and the possibilities of disengagement and waited for serious answers. Mr. Denis Healey, winding up for the Opposition, found the Prime Minister's speech "one of his most impressive," and Mr. Healey and Mr. Paul Williams joined hands across the floor in demanding that we give a lead to America. "If only we had any ham, we could have ham and eggs, if only we had any eggs"; and the general feeling seemed to be that we might have a Third Force if only we had any Force.

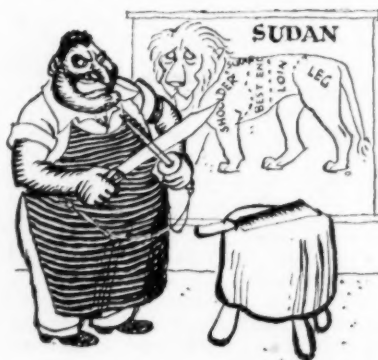
The question was how after all this Glendower-Bevan would manage on Thursday to call spirits from the vasty deep. He did it rather cleverly. His line was that the Prime Minister was not so bad—though not indeed so good as all that after you had slept on him—but the real trouble was the Foreign Secretary. Was there any chance that the Foreign Secretary would do better than he did last time? Alas! it must be confessed that he did not. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is not good at appearing not to be confused when he is confused. He floundered from point to point and added to necessary confusions the additional confusion of reaffirming his belief in Sir Anthony Eden's unhappy Guildhall speech about Israel's frontiers. There comes a time when a schoolmaster has so wholly lost control of his class that there is just nothing to be done about it. I fear that that time has come with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

PERCY SOMERSET

Backhanded Compliment

"The tractors performed magnificently, Sir Edmund added. 'When we linked up with the Americans it was wonderful. It is great to be among friends and to sit down to a decent meal. The American food, after the rations on the march, tasted good.'"

The Observer



Toby Competitions

No. 5—What Should David Do?

DAVID has applied for a post with a large company and is invited to meet the Personnel Manager for lunch. When he arrives at the restaurant he finds that the Personnel Manager is a youngish career-woman called Anne. Suddenly he notices that at the next table are his ex-fiancée, Sylvia, and the rich young man, Arthur, for whom she has thrown him over. In the course of what he had imagined would be an expense-account lunch he realizes that Anne is treating him as the host. He cannot possibly meet the bill. What should David do?

Solutions in not more than 100 words, please.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks. Entries (any number, but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom right-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, March 7, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 5, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. The winning entry and runners-up will be published on March 19.

Report on Competition No.2

Competitors were asked to join in a Brains Trust discussing the question: *Is it more important for children to be kind or honest?* Professor Alfred chose kindness and Lady Hermione honesty.

The general level of sense, ethical standards and polemic literacy was high and, from the judge's point of view, appallingly even. What was lacking was the kind of wit and elegance and originality of approach that turn the worthy into the stimulating. We were hoping for entries that combined intellectual gaiety with penetration, and for argument that was serious without being solemn. There was a certain amount of humour, generally rather heavy; but not much lightness of touch. However, this is all as new to us as it is to competitors, and no doubt between us we shall soon make this page bright, as well as morally sound.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original, by a very short head, is:

CANON ALGERNON O. WINTLE
Lawshall Rectory
Bury St. Edmunds

His entry is, incidentally, a fair summing-up of the debate as a whole:

It is not only more important for children to be kind than honest; it is absolutely essential, as no-one can be kind unless he or she is honest. Not being honest must inflict an injury upon some other person, and that is the one thing a kind person loathes to do. A dishonest action always robs or cheats someone of something, and causes loss or unhappiness or dis-

appointment. So, while a dishonest person can be kind at times, a kind person cannot ever be dishonest. The greater includes the less every time. Q.E.D!

There were a few pleasant oddments—a set of verses beginning

"She was not kind, but she was honest,
Her parents were to blame"

from Miss E. Jean C. Taylor: a suggestion from Miss Dorothy Hall that boys should be brought up honest and girls kind: H. S. W. Edwardes' point that honesty is only the absence of a wish to deceive: a burlesque of Brains Trust hawking from Mrs. J. M. Money: the invention of a fourth Trustee by Mrs. A. C. E. Suffrin, who suddenly ends, "But what does Mrs. Delilah Samson, with her Middle Eastern Experience, feel about Kindness versus Honesty?": Geoffrey M. Wilson's warning that the important thing is to prepare children to be obdurate and cunning: A. G. All-drit's comment on Lady Hermione, "Perhaps having missed the point she is off the rails! *Sine die?*": a cutting sent by Miss Doris Page of the Queen Mother's description of Prince Charles, "He is a very gentle boy and has a very kind heart, which I think is the essence of everything": Dr. R. M. MacPhail's "If children cannot be both, I would prefer them to be good-looking": a reminder from E. A. Oakley that the die Lady Hermione says children should be as straight as is a small cube used in gambling: the startling statement from P. Holtby that science has proved straightness illusory and that early addiction to self-kindness can lead to such indulgences as alcohol, royalism and subscribing to *Punch*: and the magisterial *obiter dictum*, "Alex Atkinson is unkind but he is honest," on which Mr. Atkinson's friends would not go all the way with Harold Record.

The following are some of the more varied of the runners-up:

The Modern Child needs no training in honesty. He will Tell All at the drop of a comic—especially to his parents, poor, shrinking souls. Why shouldn't he? The sense-of-security racket has assured him that they've jolly well got to love him, no matter what he is, does or says: so why should he bother to be, or even to seem, lovable? Unless Baby acquires enough enlightened self-interest to develop a modicum of kindness and reticence, Baby's got some nasty traumatic experiences waiting for him when he's grown-up and it's too late to do anything about it. Katharine Dowling, 22 Markham Street, S.W.3.

The important thing is that children should be children, and not miniature versions of grown-ups. Children are not naturally kind, as we understand kindness.



They are unaware of the feelings of people not emotionally attached to them; and are notoriously insensitive to the sufferings of other children and of people mentally or physically abnormal. On the other hand, children have an acute sense of what is fair, and from fair dealing they can learn honest dealing. So let us cultivate in children the virtues that come naturally to them—and to that end "honesty is the best policy." H. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley.

Dr. Hertz Stein: The assumption that either kindness or honesty are desirable manifestations is faulty. Hermann Gross shows in a series of 50 examples of so-called kindness 15 were due to fear, 22 due to a desire to dominate a weaker character, and 13 due to a complex submissive tendency, probably masochistic in origin. Equally honesty may be due to intelligence being too low for any effort at dissembling or that no moral responsibility is felt for the acts committed. On the whole a child showing either of these traits seems to me likely to end up with a severe psychosis. Mrs. P. A. Rushton, Highlands, Cameron Road, Bromley.

The other runners-up who will also receive *Punch* bookmarks, are: A. Blundell-Jones, Culm Vale, Stoke Canon; S. J. P. Howarth, The Mill House, Shoreham, Sevenoaks; John Charnock 28 Chauncey House, Stevenage; G. A. Cowley, 3 Glebe Road, Aston Somerville; J. E. V. Adams, 30 Newtown, Bradford-on-Avon; J. Sansom, 6 Rosendale Road, Caversham, Reading.

Under New Management

By T. S. WATT

Luke Ramsay, a clerk employed by the North Western Banking Company, is transferred to a new branch in a remote and mountainous part of the north of England, where he is told by Pindate, a colleague, that the general manager of the bank, Mintaway, is under the influence of a supernatural power. Pindate recounts various discreditable episodes in Mintaway's career, and describes an unexpected visit by senior officials to Troutmere branch, where they find Mintaway dancing and drinking champagne. He is summoned to head office to appear before the directors, who chair him round the board-room and promote him to first cashier at Brathghyllhead branch.

III—The Ticklies

"HAD Mintaway," continued Pindate, "saved the bank from utter ruin, and with it the lives of the directors and those of their wives and children at the risk of his own, I still very much doubt whether it would have occurred to them to chair a third cashier round the board room. That they so treated a man who had introduced an orchestra into the bank during business hours and opened bottles of champagne at the very counter itself—this brings us, Ramsay, whether you like it or not, straight into the realm of the supernatural. Now, what I am about to tell you comes direct from Mintaway himself. After the board meeting, which I had to attend as a witness, he insisted that I should join him in celebrating his promotion, and during the course of the evening he confided in me with a freedom which he has probably regretted since. First of all, have you ever heard of the tensional orbits beyond Betelgeuse?"

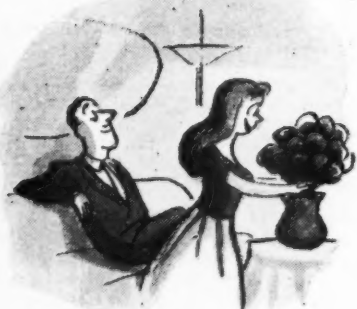
"Never," replied Ramsay.

"I supposed not. Mintaway maintains

that they have been referred to in some obscure scientific treatise, but I also was unaware of their existence. They are huge circles of electronic tension, existing far away in outer space, and able by expansion and contraction at very high frequencies to make communications, at one time limited to their own species, but now—now, Ramsay, penetrating beyond it."

"You mean——?" said Ramsay huskily.

"One day, shortly after the appointment of Sir Donald Neville as general manager, these forces were lying about twenty light-years off Rigel, tightening and loosening their orbits—I'm trying to put all this as simply as I can—when suddenly they found themselves, as it were, vibrating in Mintaway. At that particular moment he was being reprimanded by the staff manager—exactly for what I don't know, but garrotting came into it and a large current had been lost. Mintaway says that all at once he had the sensation, as he put it, of being 'about four double whiskies above par.' The most striking ideas and brilliant and original fancies poured into his mind in incredible profusion, to be marshalled and arranged with delightful ease, and clothed in a flash with phrases of heart-stirring pathos and tenderness. He broke into an impassioned speech. The staff manager was in ugly mood and had picked up a heavy metal paper-weight from his desk, but he listened as though spellbound, and finally, bursting into tears, raised Mintaway's salary by



eight-and-fourpence a month above the standard scale, at that time a gesture of almost unprecedented generosity. From that day to this Mintaway has never looked back, rocketing with incredible rapidity from one unparalleled enormity to another until he attained his present position."

Ramsay passed his handkerchief over his damp forehead and drew a deep breath. "These forces——" he said at last.

"Mintaway calls them the Ticklies. There is an odd tendency to risibility in their presence, apparently."

"The Ticklies, then. Are they ever visible?"

"No, but they can be felt. One gets the impression, Mintaway says, of evil power, incredible stupidity, and a slight whiff of vanilla."

"They must have their wits about them," protested Ramsay, "if they can get Mintaway promoted for knocking his manager unconscious as he did at Brathghyllhead."

"Mintaway's inspired moments," said Pindate, "have nothing to do with the Ticklies' intelligence or lack of it. It simply happens that the quality of their vibrations stimulates him to super-human levels. There *are* intelligent individuals—Mintaway calls them King Ticklies—but their frequency patterns are so complex and delicate that they cannot communicate with him direct, and must work through their inferiors. An interesting point arises here: the common Ticklies fear that they may injure themselves by making contact with Mintaway when he is in liquor. Under such conditions eccentric modulations of the frequency take place,

and a species of violent electronic wrenching occurs. The common Ticklies find this unpleasant, as it well may be—one imagines a bruise two or three light-years in circumference—and sometimes they refuse to communicate at all. This difficulty, Mintaway says, has caused much dissension among the Ticklies."

"No doubt," said Ramsay dully, mopping his brow once more.

"Now, Ramsay," continued Pindate, "we may be quite sure that these powerful and malevolent forces have not vibrated Mintaway into the general managership, as it were, without some very good reason for doing so. What can it be? Mintaway confides in me no longer, and I am inclined to think that he is now utterly in the power of the King Ticklies, so we must try to solve the problem unaided. First, what changes have taken place since Mintaway's appointment?"

"Several new branches have been opened."

"Can you think of anything unusual about them?"

"Our own is more or less on the edge of a precipice."

"And we can add, in passing, that the poet Wordsworth hammered out some of his finest lines less than a hundred yards from the entrance, and that by an odd coincidence you and I, Ramsay, have a considerable knowledge of his work. Anything peculiar about the other branches?"

"Downe and Albury are out of our area."

"And the cashier at Downe is Berry, whose hobby is natural history, and who was suspended from the service



for a month for keeping rats in his till. At Albury there is Pound, who wrote a letter to the staff manager when his wife gave birth to triplets, asking for a special grant. By another odd coincidence, Darwin lived and worked for many years at Downe, and Malthus, the economist and writer on population, was curate at Albury in 1798. You have not mentioned Hughenden, where the manager is secretary to the bank debating society and a practised public speaker—though hardly so gifted, probably, as Benjamin Disraeli, who lived practically next door to the branch."

"Good heavens, Pindate!" exclaimed Ramsay.

"Finally," continued Pindate, "when I tell you that Humley is being transferred from Sheep Fell, and remind you of his overbearing and didactic manner, his laundry economies, his abuse of the privilege of the tea break, and of the weaknesses which silence even his best friends, then it will come as no great shock to you to learn that we are opening a branch at Bolt Court."

Ramsay sat as though stunned. "What can be the meaning of it, Pindate?" he said at last.

"I have a theory," said Pindate. "I may be wrong, but I can find no other explanation to fit the facts. I believe that the Ticklies hope to collect, by some means, dormant emanations from the great brains of the past, and that the presence of sympathetic minds at the centres of collection is thought to be a necessary part of the process. I think that these emanations are to be fused into a super brain intended to dominate the bank, the country, and finally the world. All I ask myself now is: when will the operation begin? And what will be the nature of the collecting medium?"



Next week: **The Adding Machine**

FOR
WOMEN



Next to a Smile

IT hardly seemed, at first, that François of the Paris Elizabeth Arden was promoting his company's interests in saying that the best make-up in the world is a smile. "The jocund mouth," he told a small gathering in their London offices, "gives the true chic." We must aim at the natural look. The Joan Crawford mouth is old-fashioned, Californian; but, on the other hand, the very small mouth is too much the prim English lady. We should do our mouths as they are, and always try to smile when we look in the mirror. His message was reminiscent of something Christian Dior said on one of his last visits to England: "The world is a hard place; women must be the smile of the world." Despite La Rochefoucauld and Françoise Sagan, the cynical sophisticated French have a sweet streak of naïve sentimentality.

François was on his way to Birmingham and Manchester to herald the jocund mouth in the Midlands and the North. We imagined him looking very chic and boulevardier in those English provincial cities, dark-suited, with clear complexion and poetic eyes, carrying himself with the faintly festive air that all Frenchmen wear on week-days. He would give himself without stint, heart and soul, to the afternoon audiences of middle-aged shoppers in Marshalls and Kendal Milne. He would tell Mrs. Brummagem all she needs to know about *visagism social*, which was translated for us as the use of make-up, not as a mask or a disguise but as a revelation of personality. "Charm is more important than beauty; make-up, for me, is a transparency of the soul." And as François senses from Mrs. Brummagem's

rapt, if opaque, expression that he is carrying her with him, he will plunge into the words of Jean Cocteau with which he finally convinced us in London that the art of make-up is related to ethics as well as to aesthetics: *Un défaut de l'âme ne peut se corriger sur un visage; mais un défaut du visage, si on le corrige, peut corriger une âme.*

Naturally we were eager to know by what means we could correct our faults of the visage and thus, by gaining a happy confidence, correct our little defects and unhappinesses of the soul. But each face must be taken on its own demerits, and François could, to an audience, only speak generally. The one specific fault he dealt with was the violet complexion caused by broken veins: use Pat-a-Creme sheer-gold foundation; don't wear violet lipstick, nor yet orange. Mainly he dwelt on the importance of attracting attention to the eyes (the mirrors of the soul) and to the mouth (the lady-in-waiting to the eyes).

Thus, the lipstick should be chosen by the colour of the eyes, not by fashion: "Fashion is very dangerous, because make-up must be different for every face. Take from fashion only what helps you."

However, we were given a few general principles to apply to our particular faces: very dark lipsticks kill the eyes; wear a strong lipstick, if you like, but not a dark one. A light lipstick demands a dark foundation. Never try to alter the shape of the mouth; always paint the full length of the under lip, but stop the top lip just before the corners. The natural look for daytime, but in the evening you can go a bit more. In artificial light never use a pinky foundation, always a dark one.



A new Arden foundation, Veiled Radiance, will soon be arriving in this country. More liquid than a cream, more creamy than a liquid, it veils all faults yet reveals the inner radiance. Next to a smile it is the best make-up in the world. Used in conjunction with a smile it will make Helens of us all, and it will be launched in a thousand shops on March 18. "That," said François, scanning our faces professionally, "will be a great day."

ALISON ADBURGHAM

Feminine Reaction

WHEN I this restaurant pass
Bus-stop and shops between,
I ponder through the glass
The cosy little scene.

Furs over chair-backs droop;
Parcels lie all about;
Hats dodge the handed soup;
Lipsticks keep coming out;

And when some eater flings
Upward the beckoning arm
You see the flash of rings,
The wink of bracelet-charm.

Yes, here the *clientèle*
Is wholly feminine.
I would from hunger fail
Before you got me in.

ANDE

Modest Violet Writes In

DETERGENTS did not deter the Victorian woman; she needed no tranquillizer to tranquillize her. But, poor dear, in those steel-petticoated, renewable-stockinged days she had ills that you and I could not have imagined. Or so it seems from *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* for 1861.

What was poor Ida told when she

asked the editor about "those little black spots which, by the nose's side, by hundreds come"? "*Fair Ida*," replied that Shade, unpleasantly, "remember, in thine affliction, that there be spots, large and black, on the gorgeous sun, albeit he rules by day." Was it any consolation? And was Blanche Howard happier when it was revealed to her that "the best kid gloves are made—start not, fair readers!—of rat-skin!" T. Hawkins, it is true, must have been relieved to learn that "the regular use of the wine would not be injurious"; E. B. must have welcomed the recipe for collared eel; but what was their joy beside the despair of Hope Evermore? "Hope Evermore thinks that a law could and *should* be passed to compel married men to wear the plain gold ring . . . But [sneered the editor] unless Hope Evermore can see in the circlet of gold a charm to make man more constant and more virtuous no reform would come of it."

And cosmetics! Look at Marianna Tintina, who is "very solicitous to know what would render the complexion a dead white." The editor simply answers that "thinking more of a live dog than a deceased lion, we should prefer the complexion a living black"; the following week he suggests that she "eat, fasting every other day, for about three months, a few sticks of slate-pencil, or the stems of some new tobacco-pipes." Inhuman is the word.

What, I wonder, did the Powers prescribe for Lillie M. Donald, who asked if "sea-bathing *heats* the hair off"? What dreadful advice was proffered to Modest Violet, who merely requested that they "should send her word how to hate a person"? We all know how brutally Julia Frost was admonished: "No, madam, it cannot be done. If you have a moustache growing upon your upper lip you must bear it like—well, like a woman."

I should be quite afraid to send in my *Lines to Rosalie*, or *Sorrow Worketh Death*. "The productions of young authoresses" are not, we are told, acknowledged, and they are rarely printed. I don't think I should write to the editor unless, perhaps, I ventured to inquire about the making of wax flowers. Perhaps, this once, the editor would be kind. Victorian that he is, he considers this, at least, "a recreation for ladies."

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Bad Time Coming

"THE thin rays of first spring sun can do as much harm as the stronger ones of summer," warns an anti-freckle hand-out. Oh, absolutely. From now on life isn't worth living for those who *care* about all-over beauty. Alternating wind and rain—so harmful to delicate skin-cells and valuable hair-follicles—will bring not only warmer days and light suits to reveal unwanted inches but also those dratted primroses. Oh dear! We all know how stooping to pick *them* thickens back ankle muscles and throws undue strain on the precision cross-cantilevering of the modern foundation garment! Then too have you realized how easily lawn-mower boxes can chip nails weakened by the starch content of picnic sandwiches, or a dreamy day on a river bank take its toll in unsightly elbows? Combat the

extra daylight with eye-baths and hourly rests in a darkened room, remember that listening for the first cuckoo is the prime cause of those ageing little lines round the ears, avoid forehead wrinkles by never, *never* trying to remember what silly poet wrote silly things like *The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet*, and you'll end the spring very nearly as beautiful and every bit as cretinous as you started it.

ANGELA MILNE

☆

"When the Queen Mother returns from her round-the-world trip she will sit for a portrait which will hang in the lecture room of the Royal College of Midwives.

They will present it to the Royal College of Midwives, where it will hang in the lecture room.

Yesterday . . . —Daily Mail

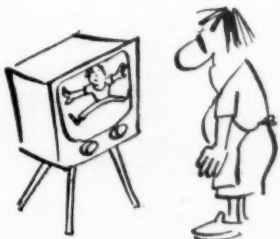
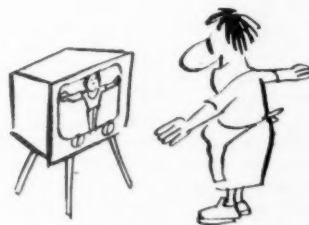
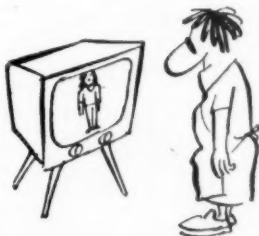
Just a minute—where are they going to hang this?

☆

Career Girl: I—The Law

NOTHING is more impressive to a jury
Than a silk-gowned Q.C. arguing a case with a lot of sound and fury,
Except, of course, a lady barrister in full fig,
With powder-puff and lipstick in her briefcase and hairpins in her wig.

☆



LAFF



BOOKING OFFICE

A Lesson for Humorists

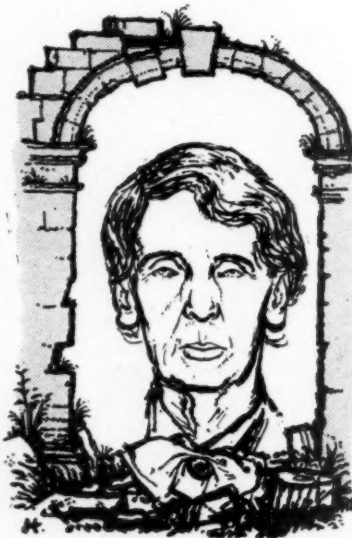
NOVELTY evaporates fast and, as much humorous writing depends on shock, it is not surprising that comparatively little of it stays alive. *The Diary of a Nobody* and *Joseph Andrews* begin as burlesques of silly books and end as genre painting. *Three Men in a Boat* lives partly because of its evocation of period. Anstey's *Vice Versa* lives for several reasons, one of which is its symbolism. As *Zuleika Dobson* is a comedy of the death-wish, *Vice Versa* is a farce of wish-fulfilment.

It is very ingeniously constructed. Events grow out of each other naturally and the farcical framework would support the novel on its own, though it does not have to. The idea of the father who says he wishes *he* were a boy again, and, since he is holding a magic stone, finds that he is, while his schoolboy son wishes himself into being his father and plays schoolboy tricks in Mincing Lane is worked out more rigorously than Gilbert worked out similar plots. Anstey, unlike most farce-writers, puts real people in real places. The father sitting over a post-prandial glass of claret in his crimson-walled, mahogany-furnished dining-room, uncomfortably waiting to say good-bye to the son with whom he has no sympathy, and the boarding-school, with its portico and ink-splashed walls and dishonest bills and dreary curriculum, are drawn firmly and accurately. It was still possible for a novelist to sketch in a background quickly by using an unobtrusive shorthand, which prevented it from being as deafening as it sometimes is in contemporary fiction. When Anstey needed to give it a higher definition he generally had the right words ready. The German master, for instance, "wore big round owlsh spectacles, and his pale broad face and long nose, combined with a wild crop of light hair and a fierce beard, gave him almost as incongruous an appearance as if a sheep had looked out of a gun-port."

How observant Anstey was and how his humour gains from his precision. Mr. Bultitude is not merely "something in the City." He is a colonial produce merchant and there is a reference to his Canton correspondent to tie the term firmly into place. The assistant masters, one an enthusiastic idealist, the other a teller of imaginative tales about Homeric encounters with the proctors, the headmaster's daughter, ultra-feminine in a male atmosphere but taking its code for granted, and all the other minor characters are just right. How invariable the characters in most farces seem by comparison. Here moods change and Anstey shows his people hopeful, rueful, surprised by stirrings of generosity, weakly good-natured and different towards the same person on different days.

The novel is very fair-minded. Crichton House is not Dotheboys Hall.

NOVEL FACES



V-ROSE MACAULAY

Creve Train to Trebizond one would suppose
A daring trip; but mighty like a Rose.

It is an average specimen and the implication is simply that the average ought to be raised. Dr. Grimstone is an awe-inspiring ass; but his natural tendency is towards kindness. Unfortunately, prisoner of his educational delusions, he feels this is a tendency he should fight. The waster uncle who moves in on the schoolboy-merchant once Bultitude senior is safely at school gets more savage handling. One of the points of the book is that what may be charming irresponsibility in a small boy is repulsive in a man. In a brilliant scene between uncle and nephew the charms of flippancy are as ruthlessly plucked as in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Anstey is not afraid of being brutal. The pompous father, finding his platitudes about the value of discipline rebounding on himself, is racked with enormous gusto and versatility. Every hour brings some new humiliation or physical pain. He has been accustomed to deference, but now he begins to realize it was bought deference: on his own, without money and position to back him, he is despised, while his scapegrace son had been popular and respected. In the end he is humanized and the son, easily won over, is glad to make friends. How far *Vice Versa*, laughed over—no, chortled over—by generations of fathers, contributed to the moderating of the Victorian paterfamilias I do not know; there were many reasons why Podsnap and Pontifex should follow Mr. Fairchild out of fashion. The sub-title, "A Lesson to Fathers," with its laugh at didactic literature, was the kind of sub-title that humorous novels used to have. It is interesting that relations within the family improved well before the improvement in schools, though these may have struck some contemporary readers as the primary target.

How rare it is to find a farce that starts even one train of thought, much less half a dozen. *Vice Versa* is a seminal book. Consciously or not it touches on the conflict of generations, the price paid for commercial integrity, colonial produce and education as

means of making a living, the way the young of the human race grope towards a moral code, the roots of philistinism and, a recurrent theme, the fossilization of ideas in speech-habits. And what a wonderful evocation of the late-Victorian fog-ridden, gas-lit world it is, at least equal to the Sherlock Holmes stories. But the final comment on it must be an expression of delighted awe at the variety and depth and gaiety of its fun.

R. G. G. PRICE

Devil by the Sea. Nina Bowden. Collins, 12/6

As a literary genre the latter-day tale of terror is rapidly becoming crystallized; its necessary ingredients are readily recognizable, a severely simple plot-line; menace and pursuit set in motion by the most natural of motives, amid prosaic surroundings, sometimes of unredeemed squalor. The persecuted maiden of the Gothic novel has been superseded by the hunted man or, frequently, by a child in danger from adult evil. Here the nine-year-old heroine is sullen, plump and plain (though crowned by flaming red hair), encompassed by a family whose skilfully-observed members are at odds with themselves and each other; and dogged by a pathetic cripple whose lurking presence none the less constitutes a lethal threat. The scene is a shabby coastal town at the fag-end of September, where the child's superannuated aunt, herself the relic of an obsolete régime, secretly collects useless remnants scavenged from the empty seashore. Miss Bowden—whose previous crime-stories were notable for atmospheric tension and a pervasive sense of spiritual malaise—has produced a near-classic in her chosen field, which is also an accomplished study in social and moral decay.

J. M-R.

Erich Kleiber. A Memoir by John Russell. André Deutsch, 21/-

The virtuoso conductor is a relatively modern phenomenon. Even a century ago the notion that the man in the orchestra pit at the opera house was the most important musician present would have been laughed to scorn. The spotlighted figure on the concert platform is a more obvious focus for the audience's attention, but in the concert world the less sincere musician may present a visual transcription of sounds the orchestra would have produced anyway, rather than help his players to a fresh—or at least personal—performance of the work in hand.

Kleiber, not much of a showman, was deeply sincere: meticulous at rehearsal and creatively alive in performance, thus avoiding "the two mortal enemies of art—routine and improvisation." Since he did not always receive the recognition that he deserved there is point to his remark to aspiring conductors "... better take up some other profession and keep music as your garden. It is good to smell the flowers, but brr! the nights are cold."

Mr. Russell's first attempt at musical biography is good, if rather padded, and neatly avoids the blind adulation that spoils most evaluations of artists made by their contemporaries.

J. D.

Corsair Country. Xan Fielding. Secker and Warburg, 25/-

The only reason for Mr. Fielding's journey along the North African coast was, so he informs us, pirates: he was fascinated by the renegade captains of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, and set out to see the old Corsair lairs in Barbary. From the moment he perceived the sheikh-like figure with topiaried beard on the slipway at Tangier until he heard the native Boys' Brigade band playing Gilbert and Sullivan down the main street of Tripoli, he was rewarded by a quick-fire series of vivid impressions; and his *Corsair Country* is an agreeable combination of contemporary pictures and historical notes. There are American tourists complete with "seersucker, crew cuts, earnest twang and eager eyes enlarged by rimless lenses"; there is Kheir-ed-Din, "who made piracy into a respectable profession"; and there is, all too vividly, Moulay Ismail, the seventeenth-century Sultan of Morocco, who was blessed with six hundred wives and one thousand five hundred children: no wonder he could afford to dispose of a concubine by stuffing her alive with gunpowder and setting her alight. Mr. Fielding's impressions, which range from the Betjemanesque to the alarming, make an easy-going, entertaining book.

J. R.

Words for the Wind. Theodore Roethke. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

Mr. Roethke is a various and variable poet, subject to several British influences (Yeats, Graves, Auden) yet producing in totality an impression strongly American. These poems selected from the work of nearly twenty years show him moving from a style deliberately bare, awkward, country bumpkinish, to smoother rhythms that offer outlets for his natural romanticism without any loss in characteristic sharp observation. A comparison of early poems about herons, bats, weeds with the recent "Snake" and "Slug" show how much he has gained in depth and richness without, as it seems, losing anything important.

Like other American poets he has a sense of humour that doesn't carry over the Atlantic. Most of the comic poems, or comic bits in serious poems, seem quite deplorably unfunny. But one doesn't judge a poet by his worst work. There is a section of love poems, remarkable in their varieties of style and in the way that passion shows through their controlled and often delicately ironic rhetoric. There is a fine series of poems about Yeats. For all his pleasure in doing a jig with ironshod boots Mr. Roethke is a genuine and often distinguished poet.

J. S.



"First Egypt and Syria, then Jordan and Iraq, so why not America and us—we could call it the U.S.S.A."

AT THE PLAY

King Lear (Old Vic)
Where's Charley? (PALACE)

WITH one important reservation, the Old Vic's *Lear* begins very well, for Douglas Seale is a producer who likes to distinguish quickly the essentials of his opening case. The reservation is that Paul Rogers makes *Lear* so lusty and alert that we lose the only possible explanation for his irresponsible dispersal of his kingdom.

It takes the most deafening thunderstorm I have ever heard on the stage to beat down this *Lear* into senility; he has his work cut out to be heard above it. Although padded for majesty and carrying a yak-size mane of white hair, Mr. Rogers cannot altogether disguise his youth. He is skilful and assured, able to make much of *Lear*'s bitter railings against the world, but he is not big enough in himself to turn to high tragedy what obstinately remains the plight of a hero on a more ordinary scale. I was moved only by his final scenes with Cordelia.

Mr. Seale's production is not so uniformly good as some of his brilliant treatments of the histories. Its insistence on noisy horror gets dangerously close to the wrong sort of giggle: Gloucester being blinded to the fullest accompaniment of screams and screeches, Regan and Edmund dying in a warm flood of hydraulic gurgles, Goneril pointing her rages with wild bursts of maniac laughter. All these over-reach. Sometimes, as in the row between the wicked sisters downstage while Albany issues orders farther up, Mr. Seale permits two equal bits of the play to overlap. Yet visually the production is fine, for although the little spiral fort that holds most of the action scarcely calls up a heath, it forms a useful focus for deep vertical shafts of light that bite excitingly against a darkened stage. Leslie Hurry has designed this fort and the great back-curtain, full of spidered gloom; for his dresses he has gone sensibly to the effigies on Norman tombs, also the source of the enormous swords with which Edgar and Edmund batter

one another rather hopelessly in Herculean slow motion.

Coral Browne and Barbara Jefford inject an extraordinary venom into Goneril and Regan, and very quietly and simply Rosemary Webster gets pretty near Cordelia. Jack Gwillim's Kent and Derek Francis' Gloucester are solidly honest. Paul Daneman's Fool (his love for Cordelia is made unusually plain at the start, which I liked) appears more than anyone to be aware of the play's larger implications. Of the brothers Derek Godfrey is a reasonable Edgar, but John Humphry allows Edmund to be so excessively pleased with himself that his intrigues melt almost into light comedy.

From Broadway comes *Where's Charley?* a musical in which *Charley's Aunt* survives surprisingly. Lord Fancourt-Babberley and Donna Lucia's ward have been discarded, and this turns out an improvement, for Charley, now obliged to play his aunt himself, suffers the added torture of Amy's reasonable suspicions. No rest in mind or body is allowed to the poor little man, and down to his button-boots this suits the electric versatility of Norman Wisdom. Eel-like, with his engaging pudgy face, he appears to be constructed of inspired rubber. His great success in the part is due to much more than a series of vaudeville turns; he fits in faithfully to the work of a team and leads it by sheer ability to be funny.

In Pip Hinton, who takes Amy, he has a worthy partner, and their parodied forecast of the dances lying ahead of

1892 is first rate. Without two players of this calibre the sentimental padding on which even so experienced a lyric writer as Frank Loesser falls back might prove intolerable. The worst song in this genre, which simply repeats the words "My darling" *ad nauseam*, seems to me the final comment on musical romance. But Mr. Loesser recovers his wit, particularly in "The Woman in His Room," beautifully delivered by Miss Hinton, and his music is gay.

Although an irrelevant ballet creeps in of sultry dancing in Brazil, one hardly notices the surgery practised on the

sizzles with disciplined vitality. All the same, it is distinctly Mr. Wisdom's evening, and if he were not there this ancient jest might now seem more than a little thin, for all its latest trimmings.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Dinner With the Family (New—9/10/57), Anouilh, medium-bitter. *Roar Like a Dove* (Phoenix—2/10/57), outrageous domestic comedy. Don't forget *At The Drop of a Hat* (Fortune—16/1/57), the indestructible two-man revue.

ERIC KEOWN

REP SELECTION

Dundee Rep, *Jonah's Ark*, new play, to March 8th.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *Enemy of the People*, Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen, to March 1st.

Perth Theatre Company, *Anna Christie*, O'Neill, to March 1st.

Northampton Rep, *Black Chiffon*, to March 1st.

original. For fat Mr. Spettigue still runs his marathon, most buoyantly filled out by Felix Felton, and Sir Francis Chesney is still immaculately gallant, Jerry Desmonde up. Terence Cooper and Pamela Gale are agreeably Jack and Kitty, and Marion Grimaldi sweeps in, a Victorian galleon in full sail, as Donna Lucia.

Peter Rice gives us a nice eyeful of Oxford, William Chappell drives the farce along shrewdly, and the chorus

AT THE BALLET

Rendez-vous Manqué (DOMINION)
Sylvia (COVENT GARDEN)

BALLET is by nature a modest flower so no one with a modicum of nous could have been surprised when, to change the metaphor, the monstrously blown-up bubble of Françoise Sagan's *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* collapsed into flaccid dullness on its arrival in London. Its Americanized English title, *The Broken Date*, strikes the one modern note in this curiously old-fashioned medley of half-remembered theatrical clichés. For instance groups of young women in red fleshings representing Spirits of the Flames and others appearing as Spirits of the Roses were straight out of genteel Victorian pantomime, while the much publicized erotic bathroom scene had, I suspect, passed its would-be shocking moments before much of the vast audience in the Dominion Cinema had realized its arrival.

Mademoiselle Sagan's contribution to the work is, I gather, the idea rather than the scenario. It is the simple story of a young man in love who at a wild and noisy party is seduced by a sexy gamine. In remorse, on coming to his senses, he takes poison and dies. His original charmer returns and supposing that her dead lover on the sofa is asleep she dances in happiness at reunion.

A broken tendon prevented Vladimir Skouratoff appearing as the Young Man, but judging from the performance by the choreographer, John Taras, who gallantly took his place at the last moment, there were no obvious opportunities for spectacular dancing in the role. Noelle Adam was well cast for the Vamp, a shapely minx, who was certainly not miscast if the aim was to establish a *succès de scandale*. Toni Lander as the Young Woman brought flashes of beauty to the scenes in which she appeared.

There were moments in which the décor by Bernard Buffet suggested that transition into more sophisticated idiom was at hand as, for instance, in the scene before a *kiosk de musique* in the park, but they were never captured. Apart from Miss Lander's performance there is little to be judged as ballet. There are jive and acrobatics in the party scene and Edith Allard as the



Lear—PAUL ROGERS

Goneril—CORAL BROWNE

[King Lear

pendulum of a clock, suspended in the arms of Bill Lundy, made a neat effect.

The music by Michel Magne struck me as being worthy of better interpretation by the choreographer. It is hard to tell who is responsible for the complete absence of chic or emotion. Could it be Mademoiselle Sagan?

By what proved a very happy choice the Royal Ballet reappeared at Covent Garden, after six months' absence, in Ashton's *Sylvia*, based on Tasso's romantic fairy-tale *Aminta* to music by Delibes. In the leading role Fonteyn now finds increased scope for a wonderful range of emotion and gave a performance on the opening night in which acting and dancing were equal partners in a lovely achievement. Michael Some seems to have gained heightened confidence as *Aminta* and was justly given a great ovation. Orion, the villainous robber Khan, is a figure of dignity as well as malice in the hands of John Hart, and Alexander Grant, as the god Eros, repeats a most artistic impersonation which includes standing absolutely motionless as an image in a niche for most of the first act.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE PICTURES

Don't Go Near the Water
Victory at Sea

NOT that it concerns you at all, but M-G-M refused to lay on a special press show of *Don't Go Near the Water* (Director: Charles Walters); they invited critics to the Royal Premiere. Seeing the film with the natural suspicions aroused by this fact, one understands why. They thought we would need softening up, and that being in an indulgent cheerful audience would soften us up—or that at the very least we should have to say "Corny as this is, the audience loved it."

All the same I shall try to be fair, and to blaze with the indulgent audience. There are one or two unbeatably funny sequences here, notably an episode of almost pure slapstick, brilliantly directed and full of most ingenious invention (the construction of such elaborately timed and jigsawed nonsense-in-action as this is on the same level as choreography), concerning the building of a club by a lot of officers unused to manual labour. For this no indulgence is needed at all; anyone would laugh, even seeing it all by himself on television. There are other excellent scenes and funny moments. The fact remains that as a whole the piece can be summed up as a sort of combination of *Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Operation Mad Ball* with nearly every possible effect made more obvious and—it is the only word—corny. It is quite certainly not as good, in its way, as either of those.

The scene is a Pacific island during the war, and most of the people involved are U.S. Navy public-relations men under



Farragut Jones—MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY

the command of a bald martinet known to them as Marblehead (Fred Clark), who is nautical enough for six without ever having been on any ship but the one that took him there. This situation is milked for all it is worth: he uses a sextant (the wrong way up) at his desk, he keeps his paper-clips in a three-inch shell, he uses naval phrases a little wrong, and so on. Shots of him are always introduced with what may be called a visual rhyme—a buoy, oscillating as his head oscillates (and when his head has an ice-bag on it, the buoy has a seagull).

This sort of thing, and the scenes with a beefy sailor (Mickey Shaughnessy) who can't say anything without using an unprintable word which is precisely identified for us although we never hear it, are good enough fun; the trouble is that they are interspersed with episodes of more or less straight "romance" that we are expected to take seriously. The ending is simply an irresponsible scramble to show that all the nice people will be all right and even the one unsympathetic character really has a heart of gold. Nevertheless—the laughs are there, and the "romance" is there, and most people I suppose won't even notice that they don't mix.

The only films that were press-shown this time were *The Story of Dr. Schweitzer*, which proved to be dubbed (from French) and not otherwise strong enough to overcome that crippling handicap, and *Victory at Sea*, a ninety-minute documentary made by the American producer, Henry Salomon, from the twenty-six half-hour episodes seen on B.B.C. television some time ago. This latter seemed to me remarkably good. I didn't see the episodes as originally shown, but that is

irrelevant; the point is whether this makes a worthwhile and interesting film, and I think it does.

The material is all authentic on-the-spot stuff—including much that was secret until recently—taken in action by photographers on both sides in the war, and the editing (Isaac Kleinerman) is admirable. The music (Richard Rodgers) is no mere device for linking and accompanying the shots, but is intelligently calculated to reinforce their effect and make others of its own, and the commentary, though it is not free from those solemn rhetorical phrases familiar in declamation about the war, is made immensely more acceptable and impressive than usual by the quiet, unemphatic, almost gentle way it is spoken (by Alexander Scourby). Placed in its context in the war as a whole, the war at sea is crisply but thoroughly recorded, from beginning to end, in scenes that make a deep and troubling impression. One comes out, as one should from any good film, *thinking...*

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, the position is no better than it was last week: still, the only two that I would really recommend, apart from *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57), are the Indian *The Unvanquished* (19/2/58), sequel to *Pather Panchali*, and *The Picasso Mystery* (29/1/58).

Releases include *Witness for the Prosecution* (12/2/58), in which Charles Laughton has great fun, and the French *An Eye for an Eye*—a much better film, though you may find its story of revenge disconcertingly ruthless.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Many a Wreathed Smile

THE chief result of an occasional census of the comedians on the wireless is a feeling of pity for the men who have to spin laughter out of straw week after week, and an awareness of how short a step it is from being in the groove to being in a rut.

"Hancock's Half-hour" seems to me easily the best of the domestic or near-domestic series, where the usual tradition is that circumstances (money, wife, children, ghastly friends and an uncut lawn) pile up to overwhelm some desperate citizen. Hancock manages to avoid the well-worn pit-falls of the genre: he does not sound like a moron for one thing; he is, by the standards of farce, a reasonable man, expecting reason in his relations with the rest of the world and not getting it; he does not keep dropping the pretence that he is an ordinary man in order to make jokes about his being a famous comedian; he usually has a funny script, but gets through the blank patches with conviction.

By contrast "Life with the Lyons" and "Ray's a Laugh" seemed worse than even a man doing a census of radio comedians could expect. The accents of all the performers (some of whom are American, some not) blend Hollywood with Hove and a dash of Lancashire into a *mélange* far more affected than anything Knightsbridge has ever produced. The scripts I heard were perfunctory, with acting to match, and ranged around the level of remarks like "If you [Ben Lyon] weren't a nonentity; if you were somebody famous—like Ted Ray..." The irritating barrenness of this convention of exchange between the two programmes was made worse by jokes about Lyon stealing Ray's jokes.

The usual answer to such criticism is



that it's the B.B.C.'s fault for working the script-writers too hard. This is not wholly true. I heard Eric Barker get through a really appalling script (ringing up the South Pole and asking what they did there during the long winter night) with a tact and skill that deserved something less shameful. Nor is it that they have been going on so long that the routine is bound to have worn a bit threadbare. "Educating Archie" by contrast, though the idea of doing a ventriloquist's act by wireless is as meaningless as anything any entertainer has ever dreamed up, is a workmanlike, run-of-the-mill, Traditional Old English show, complete with financial shark and idiot rustics, but funny most of the time and put on with a decent verve.

One of the other funny men in the Barker programme referred, between jokes about mothers-in-law, to some such gadget as a brass-bound, steam-powered, unsinkable laundry-basket. That was the most obvious example I heard of the dimly growing tendency of stock comedians to try to cash in on the Goons. It is hard to see how a performer trained to the ancient paraphernalia of the gag, with build-up, blare and rib-nudge, is going to make much of the new style.

Not that Goon humour is all that new; it derives a lot from the Marx brothers and has some even more respectable

ancestors. (The famous Eccles has in his veins the blood of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, who, talking about fooling, said that Sir Toby did it with a better grace "but I do it more natural.") Still the Goons are different from anything else on the wireless, Dada, wasteful of jokes, happy to spread a rumour that Bank rate is about to be lowered to E flat, and, even in their worst moments, at least in their own rut and not one worn by ITMA's wagon wheel. Nobody, I think, has ever heard a reference to any of Major Bloodnok's mothers-in-law.

"Take It From Here" can also, I suppose, claim to be unlike anything except itself; Bentley's sub-man *persona* I find rather distasteful; the proper contrast to the larger-than-life Edwards is a normal human, shy and retiring if you like, but not an idiot adolescent. But the Glum family retain their ghastly attraction and the script usually has a decent backbone, though there seems to be a temptation to get past the dull bits by letting Edwards roar.

This is all of my census I have room for, but I must record an important change that seems to have come over studio audiences since I did my last stint of involuntary listening while lying in hospital five years ago: they no longer laugh at *all* the bad jokes. Most encouraging.

PETER DICKINSON



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